

The Sketch

No. 1109.—Vol. LXXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



A RETURN TO THE EARLY VICTORIAN: ANKLE "TREWS" IN VOGUE AGAIN.

This photograph is from Paris, where occasionally there is a little exaggeration in dress. In the present instance, however, it would seem that ankle "trews" are really to come into vogue; for only the other day they were seen at a private show of new fashions in London—worn with a young girl's evening-dress.

Photograph by Manuel.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

NOTABLE SAYINGS IN CONNECTION WITH THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARIS.

(With acknowledgments to the Press.)

- BY M. POINCARÉ: "Sire!"
 BY A SMALL BOY: "Vive le Roi!"
 BY A SMALL GIRL: "Vive la Reine!"
 BY A GENDARME: "Vive Poincaré!"
 BY A GENDARME'S WIFE: "Vive la Presidente!"
 BY A MEMBER OF THE SENATE: "Vive les Anglais!"
 BY ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE SENATE: "Vive l'Angleterre!"
 BY A DISTINGUISHED POET: "C'est bien!"
 BY A FAMOUS DRAMATIST: "Ah! Voilà!"
 BY THE CROWD: "Ah! Ah!"
 BY A GERMAN VISITOR: "Ach! Ach!"

NOTABLE INCIDENTS IN THE SAME CONNECTION.

(Acknowledgments as above.)

- "Women with baskets full of oranges, and men with trays full of cakes, moved up and down in front of the crowd and sold their goods."
 "A military band struck up martial music."
 "The crowd was in holiday attire."
 "The traffic became congested."
 "Hats and handkerchiefs were waved."
 "One old man stood on a chair."

Terrors of the Deep.

Year by year, the horrors of ocean travel increase. Ten years ago, even five years ago, tired men were induced to take an ocean voyage by the knowledge that they would get right away from business and newspapers. There would be no first post in the morning, no last post at night, and no columns of City quotations. The Marconi system changed all that. The habit of business is so strong that no business man can be on board a ship for forty-eight hours without using the Marconi.

And now, one hears, there are to be music-halls on the big liners. I have nothing whatever to say against music-halls ashore. I have often enjoyed individual turns at music-halls. I have also received money for writing for the music-halls.

But a music-hall entertainment in mid-ocean does not seem to me right. People who wish to live on board ship just as they live ashore are to me incomprehensible beings. Fancy shutting yourself up in the smoky atmosphere of a music-hall when you might be drinking the pure breezes of the Atlantic deep down into your lungs! Miss Vesta Tilley, on the stage of the Tivoli, imitating the walk of a Guardsman, is admirable, but I cannot help feeling that the same performance would seem out of place on the vast stage of the Atlantic. The sea is too big for such things. A man with imagination should find all the occupation he needs in just gazing over the wonderful and terrible leagues of water.

The Kensington Reservists.

A great attempt is to be made, on May 14 and 15, to raise enough funds to provide 460 Reservists in Kensington with suitable headquarters. You might have supposed, friend the reader, that the 460 Reservists in Kensington already had suitable headquarters, but that, it seems, is not the case. We are a great and a splendid nation, but we have our own way of doing things, and we do not provide suitable headquarters for Reservists unless we get something, immediately, in return for our money. These Reservists may never be called upon to defend us, and so why, in the name

of goodness, should we provide them with suitable headquarters unless, indirectly, we also provide ourselves with a good deal of fun?

Well, the people of Kensington are going to be well rewarded for doing their duty—if, as I sincerely hope, they do it. Not only will there be a concert, and a theatrical performance, and a "Camp Fair," but an elephant and a camel are to parade the streets with collecting-boxes. If possible, a giraffe or two will be prevailed upon to help in the same way. I understand that many kindly offers of help have come from the "Zoo," where the necessity of providing suitable headquarters for Reservists is keenly felt. The lions have all written in offering to do whatever they can, and the bears have suggested that they might hug members of the public at sixpence per head. These offers are being considered.

In the meantime, go to Kensington on May 14 and 15.

No "Goodwill."

Talking of those who have borne the brunt of the battle, and our treatment of them, it always seems to me rather hard that a clergyman, who has worked for many years in a parish, and worked hard, and for little remuneration, should have no voice, for instance, in the appointment of his successor. A successful tradesman or manufacturer, or lawyer or doctor, naturally leaves the "business" to his son, if he has one, but a clergyman is in much the same position as an author in that he has no "goodwill" either to leave or to sell. I do not propose for one instant that a clergyman should be allowed to sell the "goodwill" of his living; that would not do at all. But I think a more equitable arrangement might be found than the one at present in force.

In the case of the author or the artist, the author can leave his copyrights, if he has kept them, but the artist who has sold all his pictures has nothing to leave but the actual proceeds of those pictures, which he has probably spent. And yet, as I have pointed out before, and shall continue to point out until some notice is taken, the artist who relies entirely on his own efforts is taxed on the same scale as the tradesman who can go away for a holiday with the comfortable feeling that his income is incoming just the same.

The Perfect Clerk.

Which reminds me of a little story. It is a story that goes against my own argument, but that should never be a reason for not telling a story.

An acquaintance of my youth had a certain business in London which had been purchased for him, I believe, ready-made. Observing that he spent most of his time fishing and shooting and hunting, I made so bold as to ask him one day whether he was not afraid that the business would suffer from his absence.

"Suffer!" he exclaimed. "My dear chap, do you know why I never go to London? It pays me far better to stay away."

"Oh, that's nonsense."

"It isn't nonsense at all. It's the literal truth. I know nothing whatever about my business, and I have a very excellent head-clerk who knows all about it. When I stay away from the office, the head-clerk manages all the business, and the business improves. When I go to the office, I give some rotten, muddling order, and the business suffers. So you can easily see that I actually make money by staying away from the office and enjoying myself."

"A splendid state of things," I said. "I hope it will last."

Two or three years later I met my friend in the Strand.

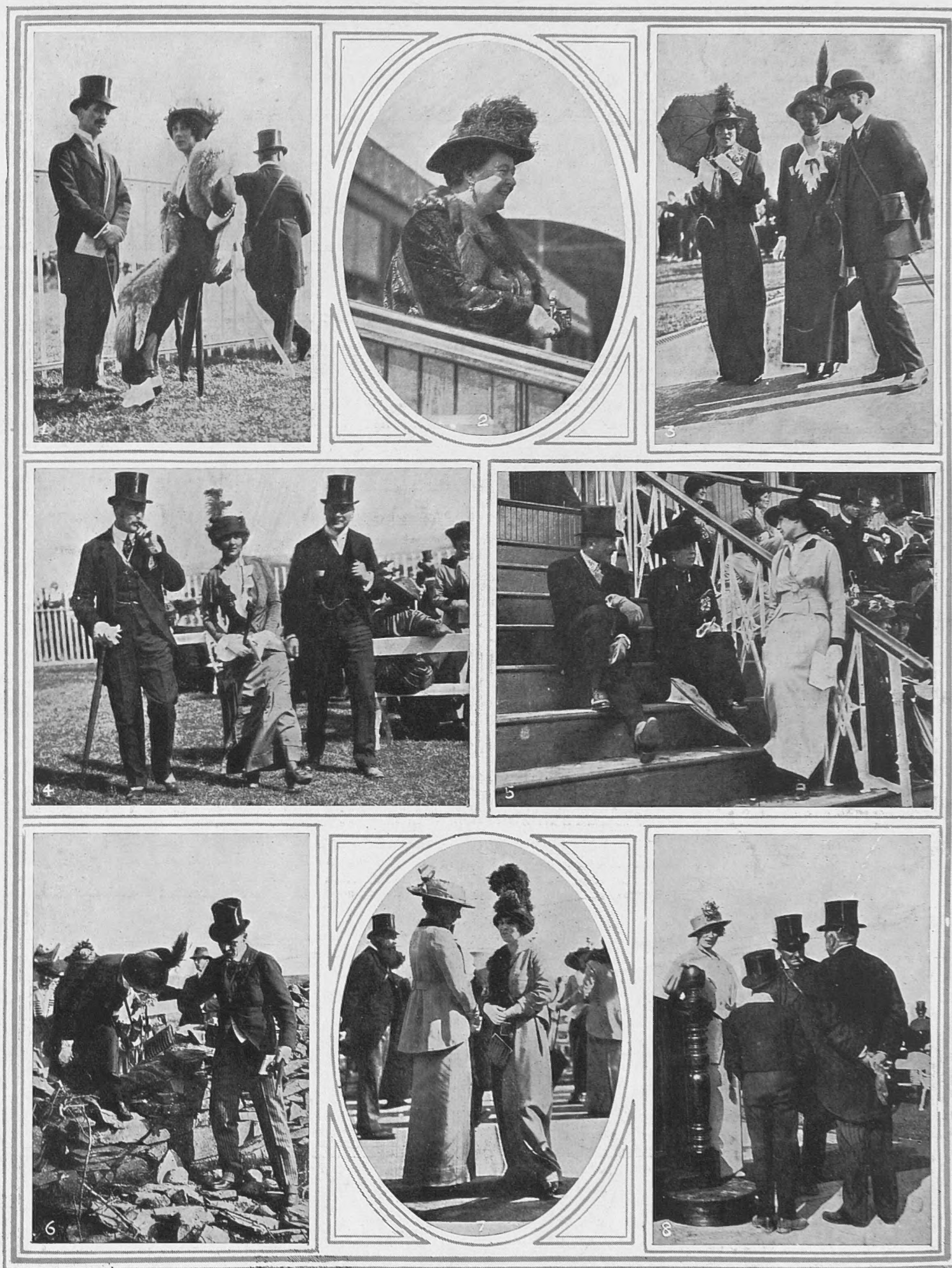
"Well," I said, "the business going as well as ever, thanks to your absence?"

"Haven't you heard?"

"I've heard nothing."

"That rascal of a head-clerk did me for about five thousand and got clean away from the country."

HOME RULE FORGOTTEN! SOCIETY AT PUNCHESTOWN.



1. LADY MASSEREENE AND FERRARD—FORMERLY MISS JEAN BARBARA AINSWORTH.
2. LADY ABERDEEN, WIFE OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.
3. LADY POWERSCOURT AND MRS. CHEETHAM.
4. MR. ARMSTRONG, MISS SANDFORD, AND THE HON. ERNEST GUINNESS, SON OF LORD IVEAGH.

5. LADY MAYO AND HER NIECE, MISS JOAN PONSONBY, GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE LATE HON. GERALD H. BRABAZON PONSONBY, SEVENTH SON OF THE FOURTH EARL OF BESSBOROUGH.
6. LADY POWERSCOURT—TAKING A STONE WALL.
7. LADY DECIES—FORMERLY MISS VIVIEN JAY GOULD, OF NEW YORK.
8. LADY HEADFORT.

As usual, of course, the famous PuncHESTOWN meeting was very well attended. On the first day, for instance, it was noted that although, owing to the state of affairs in the political world, a number of people were not entertaining parties, the

company was well up to the average; and the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen, who were received at the Kildare Hunt stand by the Stewards, were present in state.—[Photographs by Topical, Sport and General, and C.N.]

SNAPS.— ASSORTED : SOCIETY INTENT ON RACING.



LORD FREDERICK CONYNTHAM, ONLY BROTHER OF MARQUESS CONYNTHAM, AT THE PUNCHES-TOWN RACES.



Mlle. MIRANDON AND THE EARL OF MAYO, AT THE RACES AT PUNCHES-TOWN.



MR. JACK WHITTAKER, MISS GREENFIELD, AND LORD SAVILE, AT EARL FITZWILLIAM'S POINT-TO-POINTS.



LORD FREDERICK FITZGERALD, UNCLE OF THE DUKE OF LEINSTER ; AND MRS. ALFRED HULL DENNIS, AT PUNCESTOWN.



THE COUNTESS OF FINGALL, THE EARL OF ENNIS-KILLEN, AND LORD DECIES, AT THE PUNCESTOWN RACES.



MR. ARTHUR KNOWLES AND THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY, AT THE TARPORLEY HUNT STEEPLECHASES.



LORD ALASTAIR GRAHAM, SON OF THE DUKE OF MONTROSE ; AND LADY MARY PLUNKETT, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF FINGALL.



LORD IKERRIN, THE HON. HORACE BUTLER (TWIN), AND LADY IRENE BUTLER, CHILDREN OF LORD CARRICK, AT PUNCESTOWN.

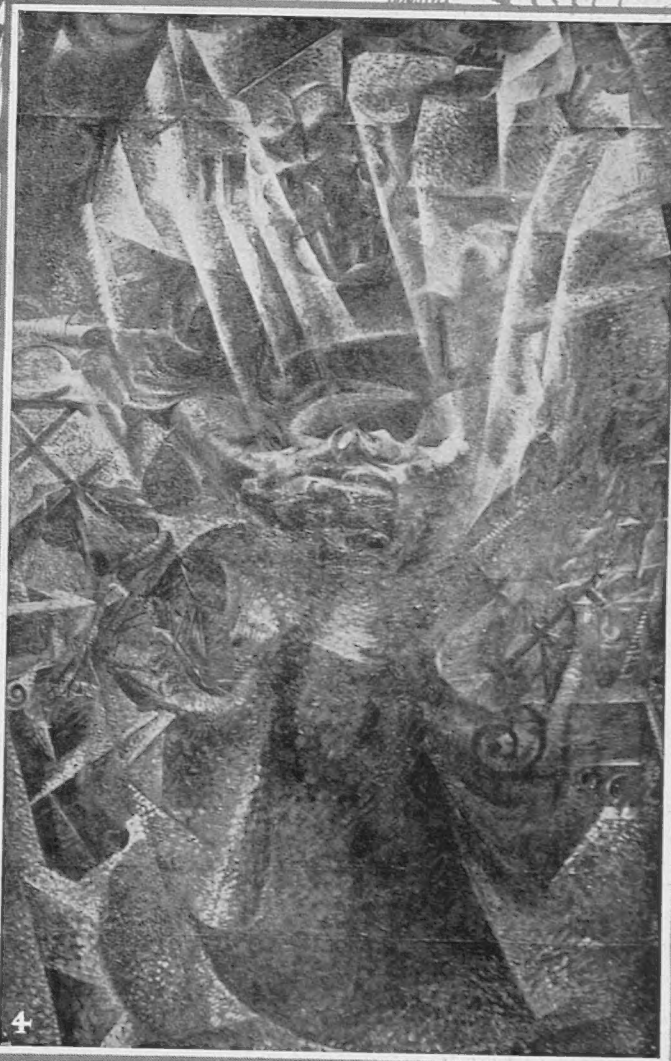


THE COUNTESS OF CARRICK, IN CONVERSATION WITH CAPTAIN WARNER, AT THE PUNCESTOWN RACES.

Here are more of them : snapshots of Society People bent on watching races, both on the course and over country. Would we could have been with them, instead of merely writing about them

Photographs by Poole, L.N.A., and Topical.

DYNAMISM OR DYNAMITE? MORE FUTURISTIC PUZZLES.



1. WITH MOUSTACHE STUCK UPON IT IN TWO SECTIONS—AND, PERHAPS, NOT AS LIFE-LIKE AS IT MIGHT BE! SEVERINI'S "DYNAMIC DECOMPOSITION OF THE PORTRAIT OF THE POET MARINETTI."
3. DURING A STORM? SEVERINI'S "SEA-DANCER (A STUDY)."

2. WHEN BORED? BOCCIONI'S "DYNAMISM OF A JOCKEY ON HORSEBACK."
4. AS SEEN BY A CUP FINAL ENTHUSIAST LATE AT NIGHT? BOCCIONI'S "DYNAMISM OF A FOOTBALLER."

The Futurists are busy again, and they have found a new thing, "dynamism," which, according to the catalogue, is "the lyrical conception of forms interpreted by infinite manifestation of their relations between absolute movement and relative movement, between ambience and object, until it forms a whole: ambience and object"—and

now you know all about it! Hence the paintings of the dynamism of a footballer, of a cyclist, and of a motor, by Italian Futurists, at the Doré Gallery. Severini's "portrait" of Signor Marinetti, the leader of the Futurists, has a false moustache stuck on to it in two sections (as shown in our photograph) and a strip of black velvet is also stuck on.

Photographs by Newspaper Illustrations.

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TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

MISS HORNIMAN and her company had quite a big reception
on their appearance for a new London season at the
Coronet Theatre. Their first programme presented to us
Mr. Galsworthy's latest drama, which is called "The Mob." A
little queer, perhaps, that Manchester, not London, saw the real
birth of it. I did not think that we should give a friendly welcome
to such a severe kind of tragedy, but certainly we did, and some of
us were very glad that this was the case. The man who defied public
opinion and died, the hero unafraid of the mob, unmoved by the
pretty words of his child, the caressing promises of his young wife,
and the entreaties of his family, who pursued his ideal and denounced
the wrongful war waged by the nation, is almost a new figure in
drama. One thinks of "Coriolanus" for a moment, but swiftly sees
the vast differences, and the wonder was that, though the sentiments
were repugnant to many of the audience, the play gripped and held.
Yet one sees that "The Mob" is not quite triumphant in execution,
that the author conceived something larger and warmer—indeed, it
is easily imaginable that a terror of the commonplace has operated
somewhat unfortunately and caused him to write something less
than a masterpiece. Mr. Milton Rosmer gives a truly superb per-
formance as the somewhat egotistical, brave hero. Miss Irene
Rooke presents the rather odious part of the wife very finely—a
cruel task for any actress. Miss Hilda Bruce Potter thrilled us all
by a little purple patch in the shape of the story of her awful dream.
There is clever work by Mr. Charles Bibby, Mrs. A. B. Tapping, and
Mr. Eric Barber, and little Miss Phyllis Bourke.

Plays come and go; but "Diplomacy" threatens to enjoy a kind
of eternity. After a very long career at Wyndham's, it has been
removed to the Prince of Wales's, where it is running merrily and
affording a useful text to people who pretend that the new drama
is no better than the old. I notice that the programme is still silent
as to the identity of the adaptors of Sardou's "Dora," but seeing
how much the present version owes to Clement Scott and B. C.
Stephenson, it seems unfair that their names are not mentioned.
There have been several important changes of cast since the first
night of the revival: Miss Marie Doro replaces Miss Gladys Cooper,
Mr. Du Maurier has deserted the company, and Mr. C. M. Lowne
now represents Henry Beauclerk; whilst, instead of Mr. Donald
Calthrop, there is Mr. A. E. Matthews as the frivolous Algy. Wild
horses or even untamed motor-cars would not drag from me an
expression of opinion as to whether these changes or any of them
weaken or strengthen the company, for I am a peaceful man, and
recognise the truth of the proposition that comparisons are libellous.
Enough to say that the audience at the Prince of Wales's seemed
quite delighted by the famous, old, genteel melodrama and its
performance.

"The Joy-Ride Lady" is a piece which seems to have a passion
for change. So the other night we had a new representative of the
merry widow who took the memorable ride in the taxi. I saw the
original Joy-Ride Lady, but not her successors. Miss Marie Blanche
is a handsome young woman with an agreeable voice and some ability
as actress, so she quickly found favour with the house. There
have been other changes since the first night, for Miss Sybil Arundale
no longer plays the masculine young lady from Buda or Pesth—I
forget which. In other respects the cast remains unaltered, and
the audience revels in the humours of Messrs. Rutland Barrington,
Lawrence Grossmith, Ernest Thesiger, and Miss Aida Jenoure. On
the first night "The Joy-Ride Lady" did not seem to possess much
staying power, but now it appears likely that the widow in the taxi
will run as long as "The Girl in the Taxi."

In his new play Mr. Alfred Sutro makes a pretty safe bid for
popularity, for it is a farce deriding the "superior" people, and a
work of this kind written in a businesslike way naturally appeals
to the majority. The audience thoroughly enjoyed the mockery at
the Girton girl, and the admirers of Tolstoy, and the anarchists,
and for the sake of this mockery accepted amiably a couple of
rather complicated love-stories. There is no great subtlety in the
author's satire, and, indeed, he is not wholly successful in rendering
ridiculous the objects of it. You are invited to assume that the
Philistines are much the better folk, and yet they do not figure very
brilliantly; whilst the comic tea-party does not join the select class
of farcical meals that are amusing ingeniously. However, the play
went very well, and will go better when tuned up a little tighter,
for in some scenes the players treated the work injudiciously as
comedy. Mr. Edmund Gwenn made no such mistake, and as the
very earthy hop-merchant, surrounded by sneering intellectuals,
gave a broadly comic piece of acting of great merit. Mr. Gerald
du Maurier was rather amusing in his dry fashion as a wealthy young
gentleman who pretended to be a plumber and anarchist in order to
win the hand of the foolish Girton girl whom he did not love. The
word "Girton" served as food for much laughter—why, I hardly
know; but clearly the audience was sympathetic with the Philistines.
I wonder when one of the really clever ones will turn the tables and
make fun of their bourgeois enemies. Miss Marie Löhr, of course, is
charming, and Miss Florence Haydon and Miss Fanny Brough
caused plenty of laughter. "The Clever Ones" is by no means a
play for "high-brow" playgoers, but just the sort of thing for the
class of people whose virtues it extols.



ROYAL POMP IN PARIS: QUEEN VICTORIA'S VISIT: FRENCH CAVALRY: "LES GIRLS."

A Coat of Gold.

The Parisians, in spite of "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité" carved or painted on all the public buildings, dearly love the pomp and ceremony of power, and if the President of the French Republic is doomed on official occasions to wear nothing more gorgeous than a suit of ordinary black evening clothes, they delight in the splendour of the outrider who precedes the landau, harnessed *à la* Daumont, which is the official carriage for great occasions. I fancy that the great price paid for the new golden jacket and waistcoat and white gloves and buckskin breeches of M. Decaux, the successor of Monjarret, has pleased the Parisians more than any other of the many preparations for the reception of our King and Queen.

Monjarret.

Monjarret, *piqueur de la République*, was as great a celebrity in Paris as our Lord Mayor's coachman is in the City of London. When he retired, a dreadful report spread through Paris that all the horses in the Elysée stables were to be sold, and that the President of the Republic, in future, would only use motor-cars. The citizens of Paris grieved that the last vestige of gorgeousness was to be rent from the Elysée; but though the Chief Magistrate of the Republic goes about Paris in a motor-car on ordinary occasions, just as our own royalties do, there are still enough horses in the Elysée stables to take Mme. Poincaré for her daily drive in the Bois and to supply a team for the big landau on State occasions. And there are always gun-teams of the French artillery which can be pressed into service for any military occasion.

Teams of Artillery Horses.

King George has not the same love of quick travel that his father King Edward had. One of the reasons why King Edward so often made a journey with a team from the Royal Horse Artillery in his carriage was that galloping guns move quicker than anything else on wheels, except it be a runaway dog-cart. The work of drawing a private carriage for any long journey at a great speed is not, however, one that Horse Artillery officers desire for their teams, for nothing knocks a horse's fore-legs about so much as going at a quick pace on hard roads, and a Major of a Horse Artillery battery takes a pride, if he is a good horse-master, in being able to show his horses with unblemished fore-legs. When an officer of artillery is married, or the daughter of an officer of artillery goes to the altar, the horses of the battery are requisitioned, and, as often as not, the subalterns become drivers for the occasion.

A Previous Entente Cordiale Visit.

When Queen Victoria—and, I think, the Prince Consort with her—went

over to France to pay an official visit to the Emperor Napoleon III., far greater preparations were considered necessary than an official royal visit entails nowadays. An escort of the Life Guards and their horses was transported across the Channel, and, looking through old *Punches* of that period, I am always amused by a drawing of one of our Life Guardsmen and one of the Cent Gardes standing back to back, with the legend under the picture, "Six of one and half-a-dozen of the other." The Cent Gardes disappeared with the Empire, but they were splendid fellows, and their accoutrements were as showy as those of any other mounted bodyguard in Europe.



CAPTURED BY THE TUTTI MEN: THE KISSING OF A MAID DURING HOCKTIDE, AT HUNGERFORD.

This photograph illustrates a Hocktide custom of very considerable antiquity which was carried out at Hungerford, Berkshire, the other day. "Tutti men" paraded the streets, claiming a kiss from every woman and a penny from every man in exchange for an orange. Hock-day, or Hock Tuesday, says Brewer, is "the day when the English surprised and slew the Danes, who had annoyed them for 255 years. This Tuesday was long held as a festival in England, and landlords received an annual tribute called Hock-money for allowing their tenants and serfs to commemorate Hock-day, which was the second Tuesday after Easter Day." In Brand's "Antiquities" it is written: "Hoke Monday was for the men, and Hock Tuesday for the women. On both days the men and women alternately, with great merriment, obstructed the public road with ropes, and pulled passengers to them, from whom they exacted money to be led out in pious uses." Thus hocking was "stopping the highways with ropes, and demanding a gratuity from passengers before they were allowed to pass."

Photograph by Photopress.



OWNED BY A LADY, "C. BURNS": ANNECY, WINNER OF THE GREAT METROPOLITAN STAKES FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION.

"C. Burns" Anancy won the Great Metropolitan Stakes the other day for the second year in succession. "C. Burns," by the way, is a lady.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

The Cuirassiers. The Cuirassiers have taken the place of the Cent Gardes as the escort for the President on occasions of great ceremony. There is no finer processional military sight that I know than to see a Sovereign's escort of Cuirassiers coming down the slope of the avenue of the Champs Elysées, the great width of the road enabling them to move on a very broad foundation. The quick trot downhill must be an uncomfortable experience for the men, but the mass of Cuirassiers advancing like a flood of quicksilver gives that sense of power and resistless strength which is the glory of heavy cavalry. The cuirasses worn by these big men of the French cavalry are always condemned by every French General who puts usefulness above sentiment, just as the breast-plates of our own Household Cavalry, in the eyes of the utilitarian military reformer, are mere useless weight. But the crowd loves to see armoured men about a Sovereign, and though, whenever our Household Cavalry send a detachment to a little war, the breast-plates are left behind, the French Cuirassiers, in their terrible war fifty years ago, charged with all their harness on their backs, and in many cases by sheer weight knocked down their opponents. And the memory of those charges is one of the most cherished traditions of the French Army.

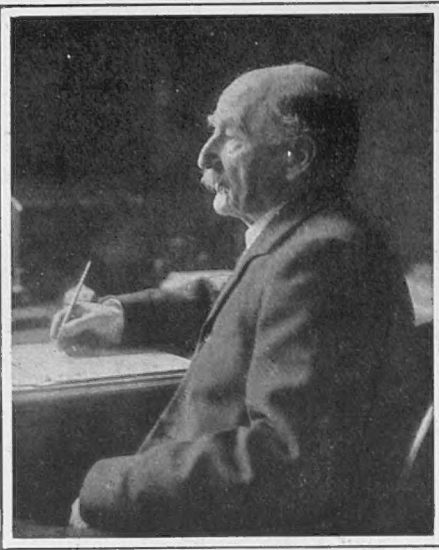
"Les Girls." I am glad that an opportunity was found for many of the English girls who dance at the Paris music-halls to greet their Majesties while they were in Paris. "Les Girls," as the Parisians call them, form a little colony of their own in Paris. They are well cared for, and live in a great home which shields them from most of the temptations of Paris stage life. Their work at the theatres is trying, as all French theatrical life is, but they enjoy life all the same, going in droves to see the sights, and being greeted as popular favourites by the Parisians, who delight in their laughing faces and curls of light hair, and their frank enjoyment of life.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



THE KAISER—FOR NOT ALLOWING MR. BERNARD SHAW TO BE THE ONLY CELEBRITY BROUGHT TO BOOK ON ACCOUNT OF HIS LANGUAGE.

The Kaiser has been taken to task by grammatical purists for using "bad German" in his farewell letter to the retiring Statthalter of Alsace-Lorraine, Prince Wedel. Others complain on patriotic grounds because he used a semi-French word, calling himself Prince Wedel's "wohlaffektionierter (very affectionate) Emperor."—Mr. Thomas Hardy has, in the "Fortnightly," a poem called



MR. THOMAS HARDY—FOR OBSERVING THAT OUR BIG GUNS NOT ONLY SPEAK IN THE COUNCILS OF EUROPE BUT MAKE THE GLEBE COW DROOL.

"Channel Firing," describing how the dead in their coffins mistook naval gunnery practice for the Last Trump, and how, among its other effects, "The glebe cow drooled."—The Duke of Marlborough has decided to act as his own auctioneer for the sale of part of his Oxfordshire estates which is to be held at Oxford on May 6.—[Photographs by Voigt, Edis, and Whitlock.]



THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH—FOR RESOLVING NOT TO BE CHISELLED IN THE SALE OF HIS LAND AND BRINGING IT UNDER HIS OWN HAMMER.



MR. DAVISON DALZIEL, M.P.—FOR BEING IN A "SPECIAL" HURRY TO SHOW THAT THE BRIXTON DIVISION OF LAMBETH OPPOSES WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT.

Mr. Davison Dalziel, M.P. for the Brixton Division of Lambeth, rushed back to Westminster from Brussels by special trains and special steamer to vote against the Second Reading of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill.—Prince Ferdinand, Duke of Montpensier, and brother of Queen Amélie of Portugal, is engaged to Princess Marie, formerly the wife of Prince William of Sweden. She is by birth



PRINCE FERDINAND, DUKE OF MONT- PENSIER—FOR BEING PREPARED TO BESTOW ON HIS FIANCÉE YET A THIRD NATIONALITY.

a Grand Duchess of Russia. By her new matrimonial alliance she will become a French Princess.—On the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession the Prince of Monaco has conferred on the Earl of Mar, as the *doyen* of the British colony there, the highest Order of the Principality—that of Commander of St. Charles. Lord Mar lives at the Villa Indiana, Monte Carlo.



THE EARL OF MAR—FOR GETTING HIMSELF, AS WELL AS THE VILLA INDIANA, NEWLY DECORATED FOR THE SEASON.

Photographs by L.N.A. and Reutlinger.



SIR THOMAS ROE—FOR BEING WHAT THE LATE DEAN HOLE WOULD PERHAPS HAVE CALLED A HARDY CLIMBING OCTOGERANIUM.

When the M.P.s climbed to the roof of Westminster Hall there was some hesitation as to who would be first up the ladder, after Mr. Frank Baines, the architect. Sir Thomas Roe, the eighty-two-year-old Member for Derby, pluckily gave them a lead. Dean Hole, when aged eighty, was referred to by a gardener as an "octogeranium."—Mr. Herbert Grover, attired as Henry VIII., was



MR. HERBERT GROVER—FOR LOOKING AS IF HE COULD BLUFF KING HAL HIMSELF, AND MRS. GROVER, FOR BEING IN ANNE BOLEYN'S SHOES WITHOUT LOSING HER HEAD.

Master of the Revels at the Fleet Street Revel at the London Opera House on Thursday. Mrs. Grover went as Anne Boleyn.—Mr. Joseph Farquharson, A.R.A., sent two pictures to the Academy but through an oversight of his carriers they were not delivered. This is the first time for 38 years he has not had his work hung. He takes it very philosophically.—[Photos. by Topical L.N.A., and Alfieri.]



MR. JOSEPH FARQUHARSON, A.R.A.—FOR NOT GROUSING BECAUSE BOTH HIS CANVASES AND HIS CARRIERS ARE UNHUNG.

LORD LONSDALE JOINS HARRY TATE IN FISHING.



GIVING "BAIT" TO REVELLERS: LORD LONSDALE ANGLING FROM A BOX IN THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

During the Fleet Street Revel, given at the London Opera House last week, Mr. Harry Tate distributed presents to revellers, dropping the gifts amongst the dancers on the end of a fishing-line. Lord Lonsdale was in the next box and, deciding to assist Mr. Tate, promptly took the rod from him and acted as fisherman for a while.

Photograph by Topical.



SUCH JOLLY JEWS! "POTASH AND PERLMUTTER."

Names and Natures.

"Perlmutter" I can understand; but why "Potash"? "Perlmutter" is not actually to be found in the Old Testament, so far as I know, but it can take its place comfortably with Solomon, or David, or Moses, or Montmorency, or Fitzhugh, or the British Empire and West Whitechapel Discount Company, or any other of the titles which indicate with certainty a member of the chosen race. But "Potash" seems odd. Even "Abe Potash" leaves you puzzled. The "Abe" helps a little, but what is a Potash doing among the circumcised? Perhaps it was Potaski once, which may be the affectionate Russian diminutive for one of the Minor Prophets; and the family, on crossing over to the Melting-Pot, had the happy idea of changing their name to something suggestive of the process of melting in a pot, with just that hint of dust and ashes which is appropriate to the obliteration of a great race in the whirlpool of New York. But is it worth while to follow the trains of thought which these conjectures open up? I think not. Abe's name was Potash, and there's an end of it; and whatever doubt there was about his name, there was none about his nose. And had there been a doubt about his nose, all would have been cleared up by his manner of opening his correspondence. Each envelope was, after extraction of the letter, turned carefully upside down and shaken before being dropped into the waste-paper basket. Till a letter says, "Please find cheque enclosed" or makes some other sensible and business-like announcement of that kind, we Gentiles never think of blowing into the envelope, being not so happily endowed with the glorious gift of never-sleeping hope. And Abe Potash, being so endowed, was marked down as an Israelite at once. I can't guess why, but it was so. National characteristics are curious things.

Omelettes Without Eggs.

Having thus introduced himself by opening his letters, Abe sat him down at his desk in his shirt-sleeves, and his partner, Mawruss Perlmutter (we should call him Maurice, but Mawruss sounds more local in colour) sat him down in his own shirt-sleeves at the other side; and then these two set themselves to the task of showing how two geniuses can make omelettes without eggs. How it was done I cannot quite remember; but they did it. It was chiefly, I think, that they were such jolly Jews. It took some time to get used to the language, which was extraordinarily rapid and most wonderfully picturesque. But when you had grasped what they were saying, and had learned to get the laugh over in time to catch the next remark, it was a very good omelette indeed. In a sense it was what we get on our own music-hall stage when two gentlemen in dingy frock-coats, scrubby beards, and highly coloured lips come on and discuss a wedding party or the Insurance Act or any other topic of popular

interest; but it was different in that it was a quaint combination of Jewish and American humour and human kindness, and there was time for the development of two well-contrasted characters. Abe was inert, helpless, and down on his luck; Mawruss was energetic, quick-witted, and sharp-tongued. They fought each other like demons, and loved each other all the time. They were grasping and tender-hearted simultaneously and by turns. Mawruss would bully the little book-keeper while Abe would defend him; and as soon as Abe had left the room, Mawruss would tell him not to mind what Abe had said, and raise his wages. There were times when they would combine. An overwhelming onslaught by a very American young commercial traveller drove them to cover, but a quiet shrewdness and a funny way of summing up the young man's points brought them out again. A gorgeous young lady, seeking occupation as their designer (their business was frocks), brought them for a moment to their knees; but she learned to love them and they won. Apparently, in New York, if you want a job, you burst in with an air of triumph on the shivering employer of labour and

give him half-an-hour to take you or leave you, on your own terms; and the employer is so staggered that you are taken on at once. Or so it seems to Mr. Montague Glass, who put this little play round Mr. Robert Leonard and Mr. Augustus Yorke; and it is not for us to say that he is wrong. Possibly Potash and Perlmutter were employers exceptionally susceptible to vigorous methods of attack. Their gentle Eastern nature brought out the American in his most aggressive form; and their Russian book-keeper was the only person near them who was gentler than they.



FIRE OUT! POTASH AND PERLMUTTER DEAL WITH A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER: (MR. AUGUSTUS YORKE AS ABE POTASH, AND MR. ROBERT LEONARD AS MAWRUSS PERLMUTTER).

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



HAVE A BISMARCK! POTASH AND PERLMUTTER GET A "CUSTOMER" INTO A GOOD BUYING MOOD: (MR. AUGUSTUS YORKE AS ABE POTASH, MR. CHARLES DICKSON AS MARKS PASINSKY, AND MR. ROBERT LEONARD AS MAWRUSS PERLMUTTER).

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

most forgiving; but otherwise it was of no account. Several others refused to be swamped—Mr. Ezra Matthews, for instance; and Mr. Edgar Ellwanger and Mr. Charles Dickson kept the American flag flying defiantly. Miss Matilda Cottrelly, as Mrs. Potash, reminded us that the elderly Jewess can be as quaint a character as her husband; and Miss Madeline Seymour, as the designer, was a very pleasant figure to look upon, and played with confidence and a sense of comedy. But the play was Potash and Perlmutter; and Potash and Perlmutter were the play.

Nearly Forgotten.

From occasional hints which I have let drop it may have appeared that there are other people in this play. Oh, yes, lots of other people; and if they are apt to be overlooked, that is the fault of Mr. Yorke and Mr. Leonard. They tend to swamp everybody and everything else. They certainly swamp the story—a harmless little thing put in to provide an excuse for their presence: all about a little Russian refugee who was to be extradited and loved Miss Potash and was helped by Potash to escape, to the great danger of the firm's prosperity. It showed us Potash in his most abject mood, and Perlmutter in his

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "POTASH AND PERLMUTTER."



JEW TAILORS IN THE MELTING-POT: THE AMERICAN COMEDY AT THE QUEEN'S.

"Potash and Perlmutter," the new American comedy by Mr. Montague Glass recently imported to the Queen's Theatre, is described on the programme as "An up-to-date garment in three pieces, made by our special designer from the finest material, trimmed with a thousand laughs and guaranteed to fit all sizes and ages." The

sartorial metaphor is due to the fact that the play deals with a firm of Jewish tailors in New York. In showing the comic side of American Jewry, it makes a contrast to the tragedy of Mr. Zangwill's play, "The Melting-Pot" (i.e. the States as the melting-pot of racial characteristics), now running at the Comedy Theatre.

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



THE P.R.A.

TO Sir Edward Poynter falls the duty of conducting the King and Queen round the Academy, and of justifying the standards set and maintained there. The honour is undoubted, but in some ways unenviable. Sir Edward stands for an art that has fallen on evil, at any rate dull, days. Faith in an institution based on such capricious foundations as the country's capacity for the wholesale making and appreciation of pictures grows every year more feeble. When Sir Edward was a boy there seemed no greater glory than the post he holds. The glory has faded, but something remains. He carries, quietly enough, but with the complete conviction that makes a good President, the responsibilities of an official English School, and, as some think, of a great failure.

Revolt and Standards.

But there is failure, too, on the other side. Sir Edward stands for all the things that have been derided by the young men, the Post Imps who are plunged in the jungles of Futurism and Cubism. But he can smile back cynically at the opposition when he visits rival entertainments at the Goupil Gallery. Twenty years ago, he rebuked the "self-styled impressionists" for their excesses, and the one lecture I heard him deliver was a warning to his students against the errors of modernity. He himself has painted all the Academic subjects with the greatest care for the conventions; "Poynter's Drawing Cards for the Standards" have been circulated all over the Empire; he has taught at South Kensington; he is a prize-winner and giver of prizes; he lectures, rather as he talks, with the calculation of the scientist rather than the fire of the fanatic; and he has dined out for art since the seventies.

The Student.

Of his grill-room in the Victoria and Albert Museum it would be unfair to say over-much, for it was designed in comparative youth. Let it be said in extenuation that Sir Edward seldom elects to eat his chop there. Though born in Paris, his serious artistic beginnings date from the time at which he met Leighton in Rome. Leighton was twenty-three, Poynter was seventeen. For a time they painted and talked pictures all day, and dreamed about them all night. Later, in Gleyre's studio in Paris, where he studied for some three years in the late 'fifties, he met Du Maurier and Whistler, and was the most obedient pupil of the three. In their company he lived the life that Du Maurier describes in "Trilby"—"An accurate picture," says Sir Edward, "only there was no Trilby."

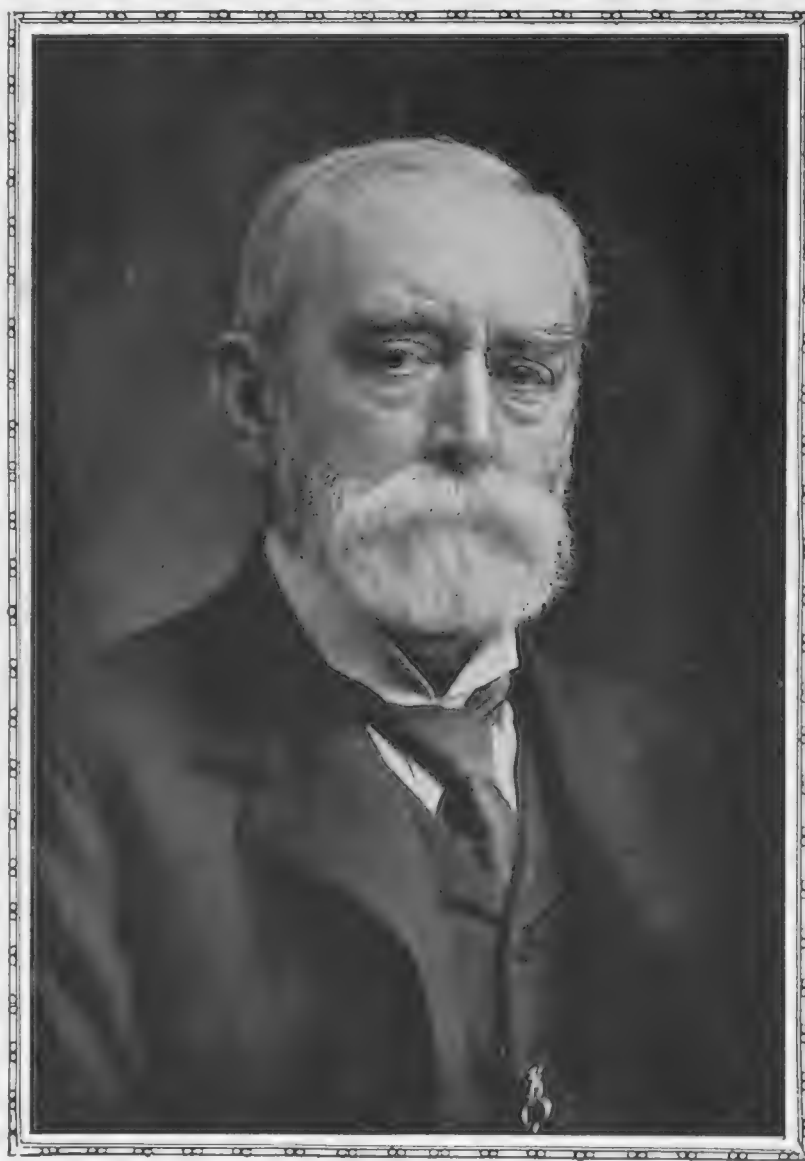
The Table Baby. By his marriage with Miss Macdonald he acquired two small nephews of promise. One of them lived to be Rudyard Kipling, the other Sir Philip Burne-Jones. Later on, Sir Edward had sons of his own, and of the birth of one of these I read among ancient memoranda, "It may be supposed that the arrival of a little stranger is always welcome to an artist who flourishes and lives in Albert Gate—even if the time of its coming is so inopportune as the middle of a dinner-party at the house of a friend. Mrs. Poynter is, however, doing well, and her astonished host, at whose house she still remains, will perhaps be rewarded for his hospitality by a picture from the classic and academic brush." The incident might have made a new "Finding of Moses," with a background of asparagus instead of bulrushes.

A Leighton Lament.

Lady Poynter is not alive to share the burdens of Presidential entertainment. Were she alive, she would carry them with a grace sufficient to rescue Studio Sunday and other academical functions from the heaviness that is overtaking them. When Leighton, one of the most courtly of men, presided on his Persian rug, there was no need for hostesses; but Leighton and Leighton's studio are not easily matched. Neither in Albert Gate, nor in Fulham, nor in the Leighton district, to which Sir Edward not long ago removed, can the old glory be repeated. Sir Edward has Persian pottery and rugs, he has plentiful collections of picturesque objects, but they turn to useful "properties" on his hands rather than to great possessions. That is to say that when he is in his studio he is nothing more nor less than the professional painter. In his house there is every sign of admirable taste; but it was something more than admirable taste that arranged the Arab Hall, and something more than good manners that attracted poets and princes to Leighton's private-views.

The Splendid Shilling.

Sir Edward's invincible convictions are invaluable to the Academy if it is to exist on the old lines; and so, too, is his grasp of the finance of painting. He has seen too many young men and maidens seek their fortunes at the point of the brush to be careless of the monetary problems of the career. On the one side he knows the intensity of the struggle, and on the other the largeness of the reward. Though his own salary is a negligible £300, the Academy has an income, it is said, of over £30,000. It was according to the fitness of things that Sir Edward designed the shilling which for a number of years admitted the public to Burlington House. His designs for new coinage were made in 1894.



SIR E. J. POYNTER, BT, P.R.A.

Sir Edward John Poynter, K.C.V.O., President of the Royal Academy, first Baronet, is the son of the late Ambrose Poynter, architect, and was born in 1836. He has been Slade Professor of Art at University College, Director of Art in the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, and a Director of the National Gallery. He was elected R.A. in 1876, and P.R.A. in 1896. In the latter year, he was knighted; and he was awarded the K.C.V.O. last year. His baronetcy dates from 1902. In 1866, he married Agnes (died 1906), daughter of the Rev. G. B. Macdonald, of Wolverhampton. He has two sons.

Photograph by Lafayette.

'CHASING AND A CAPTURE: SPORT; AND A WEDDING GUEST.



1. AT THE TARPORLEY HUNT STEEPLECHASES: BARONESS DE KNOOP (THE SECOND FROM THE LEFT) WITH FRIENDS.
2. ROYALTY AT TARPORLEY: THE DUCHESS OF TECK AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS, PRINCESSES VICTORIA AND HELENA OF TECK.
3. THE DEPUTY-LIEUTENANT OF CHESHIRE AT TARPORLEY: (LEFT TO RIGHT) SIR GILBERT GREENALL, LADY GREENALL, AND MR. WYNNE GRIFFITHS.
4. AT THE WEDDING OF HER SISTER, LADY BETTY BERTIE, AND CAPTAIN S. W. TRAFFORD: LADY GWENDELIN CHURCHILL.

5. EVIDENTLY AMUSED: SIR PHILIP GREY-EGERTON, Bt., OF OULTON PARK, TARPORLEY, AT THE HUNT STEEPLECHASES.
6. SOCIETY IN CHESHIRE: A GROUP AT THE TARPORLEY HUNT STEEPLECHASES, INCLUDING LADY GREY-EGERTON (ON THE RIGHT), MISS CLARKE, MISS GREY-EGERTON, CAPTAIN R. CORBETT, MRS. CORBETT, MR. LEE, AND MR. P. CORBETT.
7. AT TARPORLEY: (LEFT TO RIGHT) CAPTAIN SPENCER, LADY HELEN GROSVENOR, AND COLONEL HUGH CHOLMONDELEY.

The Duchess of Teck, with her two daughters, and many well-known Society people attended the Hunt Steeplechases at the pretty Cheshire village of Tarporley last Thursday.—The wedding of Lady Betty Bertie and Captain S. W. Trafford, of

Wroxham Hall, Norfolk, took place at the Brompton Oratory on the 21st. Lady Betty is the younger daughter of the Earl of Abingdon by his second marriage. Her elder sister, Lady Gwendeline, is the wife of Mr. John Churchill, brother of Mr. Winston Churchill.

Photographs by L.N.A., C.N., and Topical.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER



TO MARRY MISS MAGDALEN ELLEN BOVILL: CAPTAIN ORMISTON L. JORDAN, R.E. Captain Jordan is the only son of Major and Mrs. Lutley Jordan, of 22, Lexham Gardens, Kensington.

Photograph by Gabell.

pourrait être si bien! he sighs." Her chief praise for that dinner was that it was "handsome and short."

Paris and Old Lang Syne. It may be praise for most gala dinners that they are, despite endless menus, quickly served and soon over. But Mme. Waddington, on the occasion of their Majesties' dinner in Paris, had too many old recollections stirred within her to be bored for the fraction of a minute. She was one of the first people to congratulate the King and Queen, as they now are, on their engagement, and during the ten years she spent in London she was honoured with the friendship of most members of the royal family. She has entertained the Queen at the French Embassy in London, taken hot coffee with the King on the quai at Nuremberg, done the honours of Mrs. Golet's yacht at Cowes, and met their Majesties at all available jubilees and coronations.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN LEONARD KIRKE SMITH, D.S.O.: MISS VERA HICKS.

Miss Hicks is the only child of the late Captain and Mrs. C. H. Hicks, and only grand-child of the late Hicks Pasha.

Photograph by Lafayette.

THE dinner given by the King and Queen in Paris was very far from being a gathering of persons unknown (save in the official sense) to their Majesties. The Spanish Ambassador and the Marquise de Villa Urrutia were formerly at the Spanish Embassy in London, and were particular friends of Edward VII. and of the present King and Queen. Mme. Waddington was also among the guests. Hers is a name associated with many of George the Fifth's earliest recollections of diplomatic functions, and her own experience of gala dinner-parties is larger than most people's. Thirty years ago she was writing: "Here is Monsieur Philippe for his last coiffure, for to-night's dinner marks the end of the entertaining; I go in my white-and-silver brocade, white feathers, and diamonds—no colour anywhere, not even in my cheeks, which reduces Philippe to a state of stupefaction. 'Madame, qui



TO BE MARRIED TO-MORROW (APRIL 30): MR. NOEL EDWARD BUXTON, M.P., AND MISS PELHAM BURN.

Miss Lucy Edith Pelham Burn is the eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. Pelham Burn, of Cliff House, Cromer. Mr. Buxton is the second son of Sir Fowell Buxton, Bt., and Lady Victoria Buxton, of Warlies, Waltham Abbey; Colne House, Cromer; and 2, Prince's Gate. He has been M.P. (Liberal) for North Norfolk since 1910, and formerly sat for Whitby.—[Photographs by Gabell.]

In Paris of late years she has seen less of her old friends, though she returned there with Princess Beatrice's promise that she would call and, as the Princess put it, that they would "do a lively play together."

One or a Thousand and One.

The Duke of Montpensier, whose marriage with Princess Marie, the divorced wife of Prince William of Sweden, will not, it is said, be long delayed; has a great reputation as a sportsman and traveller. He has carried his gun in many countries, but never until he spent a night in New York did he learn to regard the use of firearms as a civic habit. His account of a nocturnal walk in the streets, of a sudden sound of shots, and the sight of two men lying dying or wounded in the gutter where a moment before there had been nobody in sight, is one of the most graphic pictures on record of the

American scene. He left the next day, so that he has never known whether to regard the things he saw as the exception or the rule of New York life.

Two Meetings. The Duke's family itself is not wholly innocent of private shootings, though its feuds have never been settled on the public pavement. The Duke of Montpensier who died twenty-odd years ago was in 1870 one of two candidates for the Spanish throne. His rival, Don Enrique, made some highly uncomplimentary remarks about him in the course of the campaign; the Duke took them up, and challenged Don Enrique to mortal combat. They met outside Madrid, and at the third exchange of shots Don Enrique fell. The upshot was "banishment" for a month, with the result that the kingdom went elsewhere. The present Duke met his Princess for the first time at



TO MARRY CAPTAIN ORMISTON L. JORDAN, R.E., TO-MORROW (APRIL 30): MISS MAGDALEN ELLEN BOVILL. Miss Bovill is the elder daughter of Mr. C. A. and the Hon. Mrs. Bovill, of Smeeth Paddocks, Ashford, Kent.

Photograph by Gabell.

the Olympic Games at Stockholm in 1912.

The Pounds of Flesh and Blood. Mr. Ezra Pound is on his honeymoon, and the Café Royal for the time being loses one of its poets. Since Mr. Orpen painted Mr. George Moore and other worthies at their absinthe in Regent Street, the Young Masters of the Three Arts have been much seen among the mirrors and marble tables—but none more picturesque than Mr. Pound! In marrying Miss Dorothy Shakespeare, he can hardly be accused of being faithless to the Muse, and under the circumstances there should be further Shakespearean sounds in the family. Mr. Pound's own name takes one into the thick of "The Merchant of Venice," and we look for a Portia or an Antonio.

Academicians at Coffee. The character of the floating population of the London cafés is always changing. Whereas a little time ago the Café Royal crowd was largely made up of poets and journalists, it is now recruited from the ranks of the sculptors and painters. Mr. Garvin no longer plays dominoes and talks literature with Mr. Charles Whibley; Lord Alfred Douglas is gone to France; Mr. George Moore is less regular than he used to be; and Mr. Ezra Pound is married. Mr. Augustus John and Mr. Epstein, on the other hand, are faithful, and with the coming of Varnishing Day and the opening of the Academy more artists have appeared on the scene. But these last have not the look of the town. They come from St. Ives and Newlyn, from the rocks of Cornwall and the dewponds of the Downs, and they seek the joys of Bohemian London with unaccustomed tread, and cast unrecognising eyes on the most famous and noticeable Young Masters of Soho. They represent the innocent Academy in the world of sophisticated "outsiders."



ENGAGED TO MISS VERA HICKS: CAPTAIN LEONARD KIRKE SMITH, D.S.O.

Captain Smith is the son of Mr. Francis P. Smith, of Barnes Hall, Grenoside, near Sheffield.

Photograph by Lafayette.

PEACE; AND "WAR": THE RIVER; AND A BOWL FIGHT.



1. FAIR PHYLLIS OF HENLEY: AT THE PHYLLIS COURT CLUB NOW THAT THE RIVER SEASON HAS BEGUN.

2. THE BOWL FIGHT! A REMARKABLE GAME AT PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.

Very wisely and to the joy of many, the Phyllis Court Club at Henley opened earlier than usual for the river season this year—on April 8—and Fair Phyllis of Henley was found more alluring than ever. In addition to providing for the usual Saturday-to-Monday rush of members from town, the club is preparing for several very interesting social events, culminating, of course, in the great Regatta Week in July.—We are a little hazy as to details of the "game" here illustrated, and at the moment we cannot find a Pennsylvania man to enlighten us. Evidently, however, it is the

equivalent of Columbia's flag game. In this case a flag is set up, and is defended by undergraduates against the freshmen, who seek to capture it. And, anyway, it is interesting as a thing strenuous enough to please ex-President Roosevelt. The bowl, doubtless, is a substitute for a flag. The photographer titles his snapshot as follows: "How American College Students Settle Their Class Battles. Battle for Blood. University of Pennsylvania's bowl fight at its height. Students fighting all over field for possession of bowl. Upper Classmen see that fair fighting is rule."



By GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Caviare" and "Valentine.")

WONDERFUL things happen in this reign of King George V., and one of the most wonderful to me is not the fact that the *Times* has come down to a penny, which seemed inevitable, but that it should have contracted the habit of printing nearly every day an essay or two on trifling, light subjects, often quite middle-class, which, amusing as they are and sometimes admirable, are worlds away from the old tradition of Printing House Square. "Flirtation—A Social Duty" is the title of a recent essay, and it deals with its theme in a spirit far from serious but with a curiously amateurish touch, charming in its way, but certainly not practised or professional. Whoever the essayist may be, he or she knows the world and has sympathy and understanding—and is allowed a degree of latitude that must surely cause the dead-and-gone readers of the paper to turn in their graves.

I am not, however, so much concerned with the writer or with this essay as a whole as with one sentence in it: "Socially one does not see how it is possible for you to avoid pretending to be in love at least once every evening at dinner." Now that, no doubt, is a saying with more than an element of truth in it. People who go to dinner-parties tell me so, and they add that practice has made so perfect that often enough the pretence has a sequel which is the very reverse of convenient. I should think that likely. To pretend to be in love when after all you are hardly interested is to be guilty of sacrilege against the goddess. Now I have never quite realised what people intend by the word "flirtation." It means one thing in Mayfair and another in Sydenham, and yet another in Philadelphia. But I hardly think it connotes a pretence of being in love. There surely

print on white paper, open for everyone to see, women, girls, and children, one of man's secrets is given away. "Pretending to be in love." The essayist is sure it happens several times every night at every dinner-table. If that is true and it happens so regularly, it is because women like it, because it is an instance of supply meeting demand. Let us presume that women are deceived and seldom entirely undeceived. "At least he did love me then; all his soul was in his eyes; his words



J. L. BRYAN AND H. F. WILLIAMS, OF RUGBY, WHO WERE BEATEN BY WELLINGTON IN THE SEMI-FINALS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACQUETS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Photograph by Sport and General.



C. P. HANCOCK AND E. A. SIMSON, OF WELLINGTON, WHO WERE BEATEN BY CHARTERHOUSE IN THE FINAL OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACQUETS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Photograph by Sport and General.

were golden—even if he has forgotten to come and see me since and didn't even recognise me at the theatre last night." Well, why insist on the unwelcome, inconvenient truth? Why play into the hands of the enemy? Why destroy in a few cold words the most potent of men's

weapons? Man is so defenceless where women are concerned, so much a child, so docile; any woman—almost—can turn any man round her finger if she has a mind to it and will give the time. There are only two ways in which a man can get any of his own back—the first is the unusual and unadmired method born of greater physical strength; the other is by "pretending to be in love." Why put women on their guard?

The alternative is that both men and women know perfectly well what they are doing, know that each is pretending, that it is a game, that the woman knows that the man isn't really subjugated, isn't truly in love, and that the man knows of her knowledge. I wonder and—I don't think. But if that is true, then responsibility to all his fellows, and to generations yet unborn, should have stayed the essayist's pen. One doesn't always want the truth, and least of all does one want it if one has it already. Here was a convention about which the world for some deep, unconscious reason had determined to be silent. And of a sudden the rude, rough hand of a man tears down the curtain. This season, after such wanton destruction, the dinner-parties of all the best houses and of all the other houses into which the new *Times* has penetrated will be dull indeed. No longer can one talk about the Tango; the Cubists are overdone; not every woman will care to discuss the Tetrarch—and a man will not dare to pretend to be in love, nor, if he is so much behind the time, will a woman have her old pleasure in pretending to be deceived.

But my own belief is that women will never learn the truth.



L. D. B. MONIER WILLIAMS AND J. H. STRACHAN, OF CHARTERHOUSE, WHO BEAT WELLINGTON, THE HOLDERS, IN THE FINAL OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACQUETS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Photograph by Sport and General.

the essayist has confused his ideas. Punishment dire and swift, often in the bitter form of terrible boredom, is the revenge that the goddess takes when her worshippers simulate passion. On flirtation, on the other hand, she must look down with rather pitying eyes. Flirtation is such a waste of time, an arid amusement. Flirtation is to love much what croquet is to golf.



H. D. HAKE AND E. F. BOLTON, OF HAILEYBURY, WHO WERE BEATEN BY CHARTERHOUSE IN THE SEMI-FINALS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS RACQUETS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Wellington beat Rugby by 4 games to 2; Charterhouse beat Haileybury by 4 to 1; Charterhouse beat Wellington by 4 to 2.

Photograph by Sport and General.

But I have another and a more serious quarrel with the sentence I have quoted. It seems to me that either it destroys one of the decent reticences of life, or else there in the stark clarity of black

“O Moments Big as Years!”



No. XI.—WHEN WE HAVE TO LEAVE THE THEATRE IN THE DEATH SCENE IN ORDER TO CATCH OUR LAST TRAIN.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

FIVE O'CLOCK FRIVOLITIES

"THE IMMORTAL GLANCE." BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

THERE is a small bronze statuette in Mr. Charles Sykes' exhibition at 44, South Molton Street, in front of which I stopped longer than before any of his other works. It is not because I found it finer than his other works—indeed, it is difficult

to say, among the clever and capricious medley of drawings, bronzes, and pastels, which I was most interested in. Mr. Sykes is a man of so many moods and mediums, and so irritatingly unequal an artist. I think I stared at the fat little Love, pot-bellied and contented, firmly planted on solid earth on the flat of its heavy little feet, with something like anger. Its round, dimpled face had an expression which the artist calls "The Immortal Glance," and the vulgar "the glad eye." I take it that this over-fed child represents Love; if so, what business has it, I ask you, to be small and satisfied, young, healthy, smiling, solid, sane, and, God help us—almost winking? What business has Love, thorn that it is, to look like a rose-bud, snake to have wings, giant to play the babe, tormentor to caress with soft and chubby hands? How did it manage, by what ruse, what deceptions, what conspiracy did it manage, to keep its mask for thousands of years? Did they never see Love face to face, those poets, those painters, those sculptors, those songsters,

purpose of the god. A being full-grown who never was young and never shall be old. A being beautiful and dreadful, but more dreadful than it is beautiful; a giant led by passion, followed by pity, flanked by fury and fanaticism foaming at the mouth and flourishing torches. A force that changes, creates, and destroys as it passes, as the light of a storm changes a scene. Where it has passed music becomes a curse full of sobbing, howling voices; where it has passed spring is a torment, the sun itself is unbearable, so much light—too much light for aching eyelids! Where it has passed the sea is a desolation, the lake and the rivers a temptation. Where it has passed there is no solitude, and rest is no more. Where it has passed, why, it is as after a forest fire—limitless blackness, tortured shapes of things that grew. In time the rain will wash the black away and into the soil—ashes are a good manure, it seems; there will again be green young things coming out of the earth: the earth is never tired and cannot die, but the soul of the forest will not be the same.

Happy he to whom Love is just Cupid, a subject for mural decoration on the walls of his house of Life, a figure for a



SOCIETY GOLFING AT LE TOUQUET:
LADY CHURSTON.

The marriage of Miss Jessie Smither (the well-known and charming musical-comedy actress, Miss Denise Orme) and the third Baron Churston, who had not then succeeded to the title, took place in 1907.

Photograph by Topical.

who tell of him as of a silly little god, an impish male child, mischievous but irresponsible, here to-day, there to-morrow, a mere babe born of Beauty?—while that babe, mark you, was born a Colossus, and not born of Beauty but of Chance, irresponsible, perhaps, though not of the light irresponsibility of the butterfly, but that of a scourge! They tell of him as of a light-footed, winged little creature with a toy arrow and a pretty mouth that kisses and mocks and smiles; while it is a great big bully who does not laugh and does not mock, who bites more than he kisses and whose gentlest touch leaves a bruise.

If I could paint, or if I could carve a sermon in stone, I would show up the big brute—Love such as he is, not the gambolling cherub with a cloud for a pillow, but Love the lean, the gaunt, the ever-famished, the mad master, with one avid hand open and ready to clutch and the other holding a knout. A wild warrior running on stones with his bare feet, but never stumbling nor looking for the way; a figure immense and terrible, neither god nor man nor animal, but partaking of all three, with the rage of the beast, the semblance of the man, the inevitable



SOCIETY GOLFING AT LE TOUQUET:
LADY ANGELA FORBES.

Lady Angela Forbes is the younger of the two sisters of the Earl of Rosslyn and sister of Millicent, Duchess of Sutherland. She was born in 1876 and, in 1896, married Lieutenant-Colonel James Stewart Forbes. She has a residence at Le Touquet. Her work as a writer is well known.—[Photograph by Topical.]



SOCIETY GOLFING AT LE TOUQUET: CAPTAIN AND LADY
JOAN MULHOLLAND.

The marriage of Lady Hester Joan Byng, younger daughter of the Earl of Strafford, and Captain the Hon. Andrew E. S. Mulholland, eldest son of Lord Dunleath, took place in 1913.

Photograph by Topical.

paper-weight, an ornamental fountain gently dribbling away, a white apparition under a leafy bower, a presiding presence for a rendezvous, an indulgent master of ceremony: a pocket-god that we forget with the clothes of yesterday, a capricious visitor to whom accommodation is willingly granted on condition he must not eat too much, nor grow too big, nor stay too long. Cupid the casual is an easy companion and a welcome one; but, my friends, may Love the Hammerman of God—for it is by him that the soul is wrought—may he never overtake you!

Why, I have waxed lyrical and used up all my space because of Cupid, curse it! And I did want to tell you more of what I saw at South Molton Street, especially about "The Decoy," a little bronze figurine no higher than that! A female form in flimsy stuff, a woman with head slightly turned over her shoulder, ever so slightly. There is in her walk the shyness, the slyness, of a fawn and a fugitive; but in the motion of her head, the fall of her cloak, and the lapping train of her robe, one can see suggested the sure and relentless lure of femininity.

WHAT WOULD "UNDER-DRESSED" BE LIKE?



THE LADY IN THE BACKGROUND (to her mystified male companion): Yes, pretty, I daresay; but I hate to see a young girl over-dressed like that.

* DRAWN BY LEWIS BAUMER.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

STRANGE ARE THE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS OF THE MOROCCANS.*

"A Kind of Apology."

Strange are the marriage customs of the Moroccans. Dr. Edward Westermarck knows that full well. He calls his book "a kind of apology": it is a very handsome apology. It came about in this wise. The Doctor confesses that when he wrote his "History of Marriage," somewhere over twenty years ago, he was guilty of a serious omission. This he remedies by his new work, saying, "I devoted only a very short chapter to the wedding ceremonies, and in my brief treatment of them I almost entirely failed to recognise their magical significance." None can complain now: the treatment is frankly from A to Z. We can but mention a few points, quoting; they should indicate the interest of the many others.

Groom as Bride; Bride as Groom.

During the time of the betrothal in Fez: "After supper, so-called *ngâgef*—free negresses whose business is to assist women on festive occasions—dress up the young man as a bride with garments which they have brought with them. He is then seated on cushions placed on a mattress opposite the door, and sits there with his eyes closed as if he were a bride. . . . No native explanation of the custom of dressing up the young man as a bride has been given to me. Disguises at marriages have been found in various other countries, and many writers have suggested that their object is to deceive malignant spirits who lie in wait for the young couple at this season. . . . in some country places in Morocco the bride on her part imitates the appearance of a man by wearing her shawl thrown over her left shoulder, or leaving her old home clad in a man's cloak, or having designs resembling whiskers painted on her face."

Sheep's-Eyes and Other Charms.

Superstition, indeed, is rife, with symbolism and with eating. As to the last-named, does not an old Moorish proverb assert that the Christians spend their substance on law-suits, the Jews on religious festivals, and the Moors on weddings? And does not Sidi Halil say, "It is commendable to give a wedding-feast, a day after the home-coming of the bride, and it is incumbent on every guest specifically invited to accept, even though he be fasting." In connection with one meal (in the home of a Tsul bride, the day before she is taken from her old home) there is a custom which sounds rather—what shall we say?—nasty. "The sheep which her father killed for this occasion was previously ridden by the bride, who gave it seven boxes on its ears, while her mother removed its right eye with a big needle. The dried eye is afterwards made into powder, and, mixed with various spices, put into the food which the mother gives to the bridegroom's family to eat, so that they shall look upon her daughter with affectionate eyes." A new version of sheep's-eyes, this! In fashion somewhat akin, the bride of the Arabs of the Uld

Bu-Aziz, having ridden a ram and boxed its ears, will pluck eyelashes from it, that her future husband may not get angry with her, and eats the whole of the heart, that her husband may have a loving heart.



IN STILL ANOTHER HAT! MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL HELMETED FOR POLO, IN MADRID.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill recently visited Madrid, and there the First Lord of the Admiralty played in a polo match at King Alfonso's estate of Casa de Campo. Mr. Churchill was one of the team opposing a team in which King Alfonso played. Mr. Churchill's side lost.

Photograph by Nuevo Mundo.



TROUT-FISHING ON LOUGH BRITTAS: SIR RICHARD AND LADY LEVINGE.

Sir Richard Levinge is the tenth baronet of a creation dating from 1704, and was born in July 1878. Formerly a Lieutenant in the 8th Hussars and the South Irish Horse, he served in South Africa in 1900 and 1901. In 1910, he married Irene Marguerite, daughter of the late H. C. Pix, of Bradford.—[Photograph by Poole.]

Rule by Symbol.

Nor are those by any means the only ways the bride has of placing her husband under subjection. After her marriage, for example, the Tsul woman, hearing the advent of the bridegroom, takes her right slipper in her hand and waves it seven times towards the door, in order that she shall rule over him. So, too, and with the same object, the bride may throw one of her slippers at the groom or beat him thrice with it: in the latter case, she will rule the house only if he cries out. "The bridegroom, on his part, also tries in various ways to gain power over his wife. We are told that he, for this purpose, taps her three or seven times on her head or shoulders with his sword, or beats her three times between her shoulders with the cord of his dagger, or smacks or kicks her gently, or drinks first from the bowl which he then holds for her to drink from; and a similar idea is perhaps connected with his tapping her seven times between her shoulders with his right slipper, his attempt to strike her with a cane when she arrives at his house, her removing the slippers from his feet, and her kissing his hand."

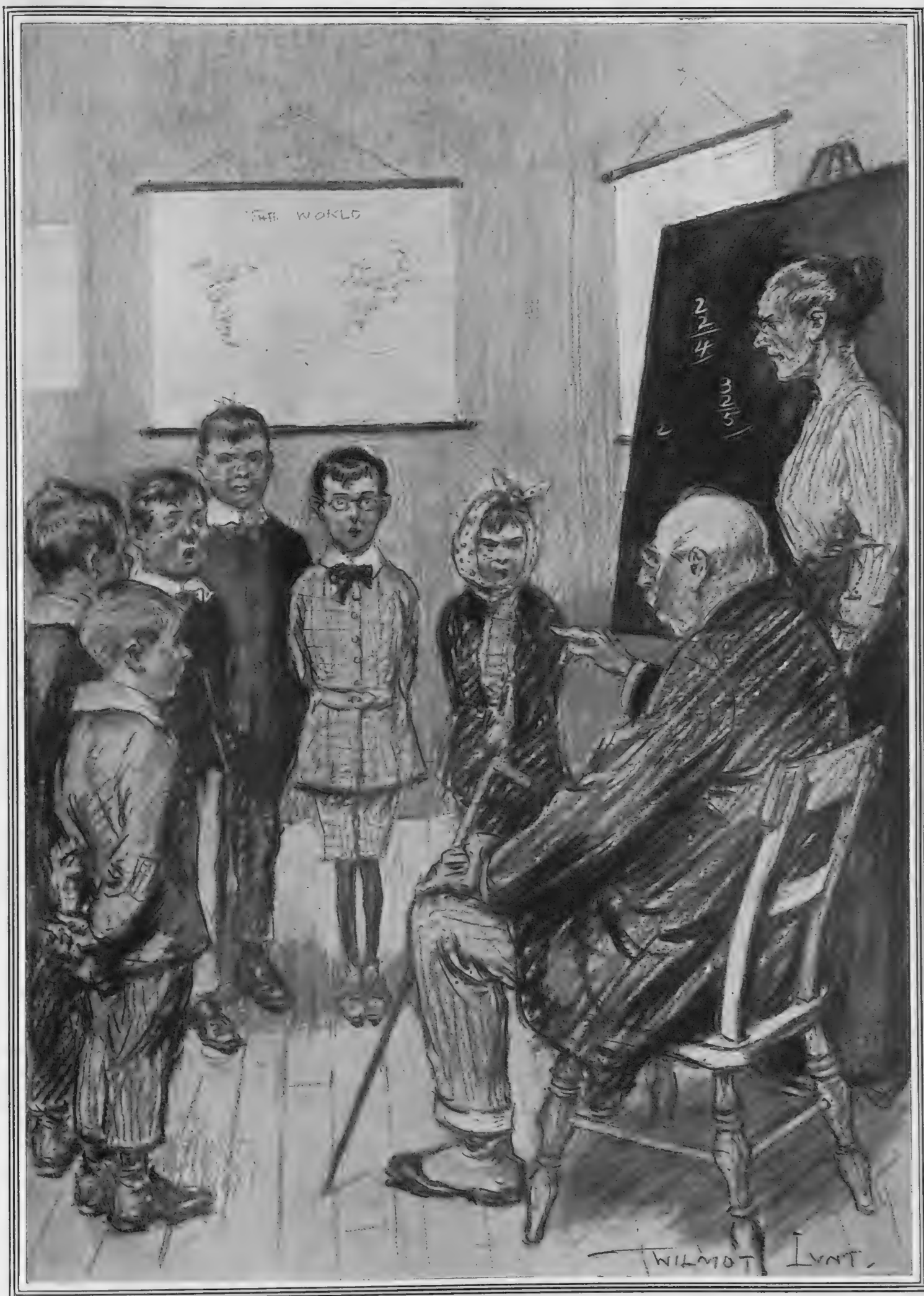
Wedding Breeds Wedding.

And marriage is regarded as a pathway to marriage. Witness Dr. Westermarck: "Among the benefits expected from a wedding we have still to notice some which are closely connected with the event it celebrates. Owing to a natural association of ideas, a wedding is looked upon as a potential cause of other weddings. Before the bride is painted with henna, seven girls pour water over her at a spring and wash her body, hoping that by doing so they will get married themselves. The egg which is put into the henna-bowl is subsequently eaten by one of the bride's girl-friends who wants to get a husband soon. If any unmarried woman or girl is living in the house of the bride's parents, the bride is told to "drag her foot" when she leaves it, so as to help the unmarried one to a husband. When the bridal box is taken to the bride's village on the back of a mule, an unmarried youth sits inside it in order to get married soon; or when the bride, on her arrival at the bridegroom's house, has been lifted down from the mare which carried her thither, a bachelor, for the same purpose, mounts the animal and has a ride on it. When the bridegroom returns from his visit to his parents-in-law, in the company of his mother-in-law, the unmarried women and little girls of the village go with them, so that they also shall marry." And so to

much more engrossing matter, some of it, perhaps, not exactly the most suitable reading for the "Miss" of school or flapperdom, but all of it very valuable ethnologically, and certain to be read widely and with deep interest as an important contribution to mankind's proper study—man.

* "Marriage Ceremonies in Morocco" By Edward Westermarck, Ph.D., LL.D. (Aberdeen), Martin White Professor of Sociology in the University of London. (Macmillan: 12s. net.)

THE MAID OF ARARAT.



THE VISITOR: Now, then, Willie — who was Joan of Arc?
WILLIE: Please, Sir, Noah's wife.

DRAWN BY WILMOT LUNT.



THE MILLS OF FATE.

By MARION ASHWORTH.

LADY MANSFIELD dismissed her car at her dressmaker's in Bond Street. With her usual accuracy, she had noted the time, and she saw that she could allow herself ten minutes to discuss the new spring model with the fat and voluble lady who was high priestess in such matters. It was just ten minutes to twelve when she sauntered down Bond Street, and even if she were stopped by a chance acquaintance she knew she would be able to pick up a taxi and arrive in Bedford Square just at noon. Lady Mansfield regarded unpunctuality as the height of ill-breeding.

All the morning she had resolutely kept her mind away from the thought of her appointment, but as her cab drew up in front of one of the fine old Adam houses where "apartments" and boarding-houses crowded close, her heart beat a little faster under her well-fitting coat. Her quick eye noticed the shining brass on the great green door and the rigidly correct butler who answered her ring. She had expected a rather frowsy maid not yet changed for the afternoon, and as she entered the hall it was, perhaps, rather curious that the most reassuring note about the house was the strain of rag-time that drifted from the drawing-room above.

"I am pie-eyed with pining for you," sang a softly husky voice with a mischievous lilt in it that had made the singer famous.

Lady Mansfield drew a sharp breath as she looked about the room where she waited with an anxious curiosity that terminated in a kind of suspicious amazement. There were no photographs of lovely ladies in musical-comedy attitudes; the writing-table in front of the window was broad and businesslike, not a feminine knick-knack for hastily scrawled notes on scented mauve paper. Lady Mansfield had a vague idea that women of the half-world always used mauve paper and violet ink.

The song ended abruptly, there was a quick step on the stairs, and the door was flung open and Miss Peggy O'Neill stood facing her.

The entrance had been so rapid that her appearance came as another shock. She looked like a school-girl, not an adventuress. She was dressed as Lady Mansfield's daughter might be dressed—only better; and under a halo of fair hair two very blue eyes rested inquiringly on Lady Mansfield's face. Though she did not speak, there was nothing awkward in her silence.

"My son tells me that he has promised to marry you," said Lady Mansfield briefly.

"Won't you sit down?" asked Peggy suavely. She waited until Lady Mansfield, after a momentary hesitation, seated herself in rigid insecurity on the edge of the big Chesterfield that was drawn up in front of the fire, then Peggy pulled forward a straight, high-backed chair where she perched, her little feet swinging high above the polished floor.

"Your son has asked *me* to marry him," she corrected gently.

"Is marriage necessary?" questioned Lady Mansfield coldly.

Peggy regarded the buckles of her little shoes with an absorbing interest.

"Necessary is hardly the word," she replied, still more gently.

There was the suspicion of a smile in the curve of her mouth that made Lady Mansfield flush quickly under her veil. She realised her mistake. She leaned a little forward, trying to make both her manner and her voice softer as she spoke.

"I mean to say that, in your profession, isn't marriage rather a drawback? It would mean giving up so much: your life as a married woman would be so dull, so commonplace, in comparison."

Peggy looked up with limpid eyes from her shining buckles.

"Many people still think that a Countess can never be quite commonplace," she answered.

"But you know better, surely?"

Lady Mansfield had not meant to make her voice quite so eager. She paused, before she added—

"Besides, do you think that you could be really happy with my son? He is still only a boy, he is fickle, he is spoiled—you must know far more brilliant and amusing men."

Peggy met her eyes full.

"Harold is about the dullest man I have ever met, and the weakest."

It was hardly a verdict for a mother to hear of her only son from a woman she did not consider good enough for him. Her lips tightened and her voice shook as she said—

"Perhaps my son would like to hear you say that."

Peggy shrugged her shoulders indifferently.

"He has often heard me say it. You see," she added, in a sudden burst of friendly confidence, "you have spoiled him at home, and so have all your well-brought-up young ladies he meets at dances and tennis-parties, or wherever well-bred young girls meet the men they hope to marry; so the fact that he bores me adds to my charm—or whatever you are pleased to call it."

She spread out her hands in a quick gesture of disarming ingenuousness.

Lady Mansfield felt that she ought to rise and leave the house. Instead, she asked limply—

"Then why do you want to marry him?"

Peggy pursed up her lips in a little pucker of thoughtful reflection.

"I must marry one day. I can't always be what the papers call 'an Idol of the Public,' and so I might as well be a Countess—and a rich one, I am promised—while I am about it."

Lady Mansfield clasped her gloved hands together. It was a gesture of an angry grief that was almost beyond her control.

"I wish," she said hotly, "that he had not a penny—then he would be beyond the clutches of such as you."

Peggy nodded gravely. Under her blonde curls her eyes shone blue with the hardness of porcelain. There was not a trace of resentment in their cool depths.

"Do you really hate me as much as that?" she asked, in the tone that a child might plead for a sweet.

Lady Mansfield realised how undignified her outburst had been; she felt suddenly mortified that this girl should have witnessed her lack of control, and there was something almost pathetic in her attempt to regain her composure. She made a brave effort to be just.

"I am sorry if I hurt you," she said, with a kind of proud humbleness, "but my son is all the world to me. This marriage would be such a great, such a terrible mistake—a mistake that will be beyond remedy ever again. I am an old woman, and he is all I care for; you are only a child, still with your life before you. You don't love him, so why can you wish to make me, an utter stranger to you, so unhappy? Why do you wish to wreck his life, a life that means so little to you, just to satisfy a girlish vanity?"

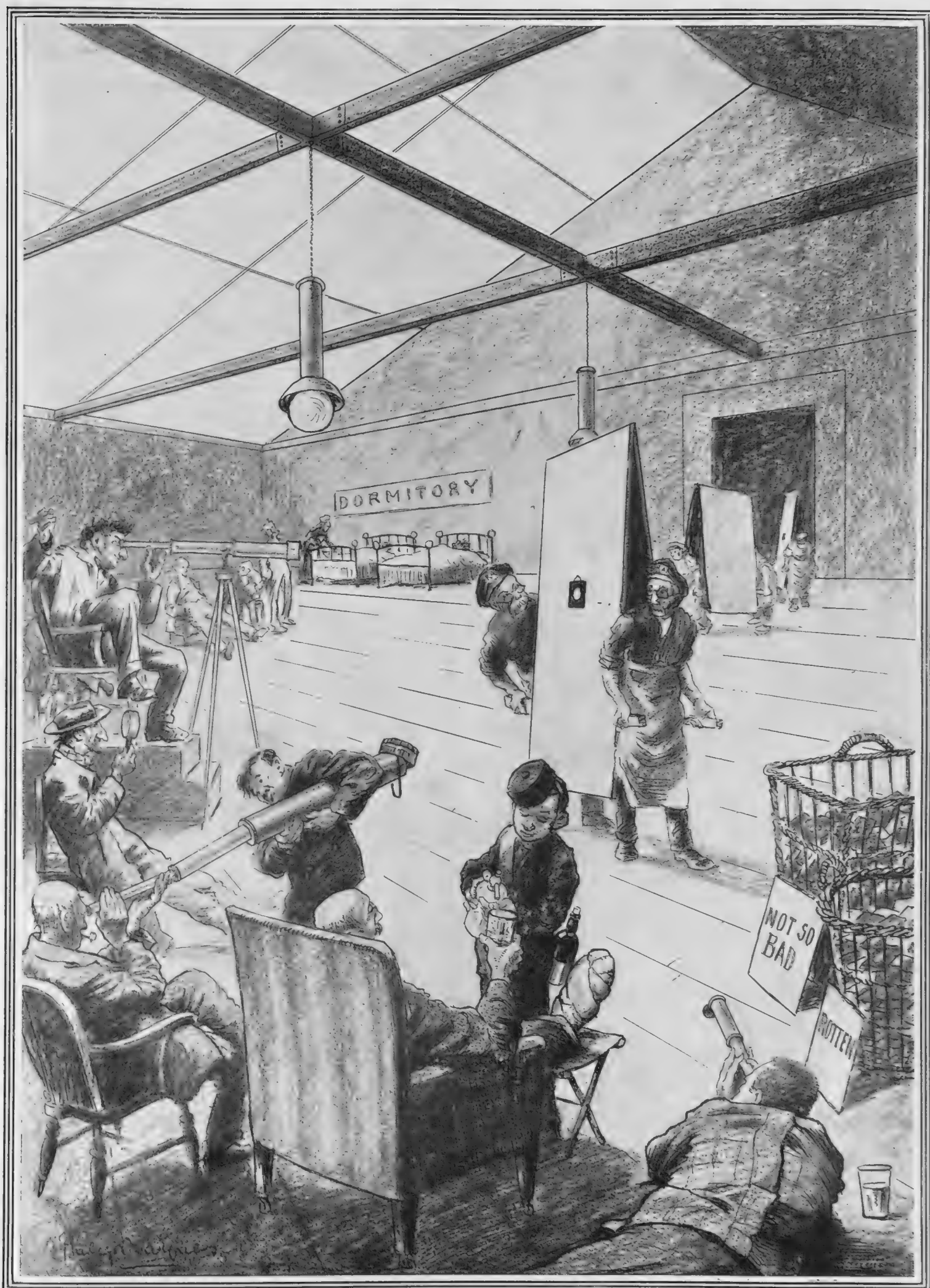
The soft curve of Peggy's mouth hardened grimly. She put up a quick, detaining hand.

"Vanity is the wrong word, Lady Mansfield. It is to satisfy a revenge."

Lady Mansfield stared at her blankly.

[Continued overleaf.]

HANGING JUDGES.



Owing to no Press photographs having been taken of the R.A. Council judging the works submitted, we are compelled to rely on our Artist's powers of imagination. He has chosen that part of the proceedings when the august body was engaged in selecting exhibits for the miniature-room.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.

"Revenge?" she repeated dully.

"You hate me without knowing me, because you hate the type I represent—the pretty, brainless, unscrupulous, ambitious type that understands all the same how to make fools of the dissipated, brainless young men who come to us. But I"—she paused, her eyes full of a shining hardness—"I hate you, not because of *your* type and the worlds away it places you from me, but because I know you—you yourself!"

Lady Mansfield caught her breath as if she had been struck; the flow of words surged about her, leaving her powerless to answer. She had come to judge, and she sat judged. Peggy rose slowly, her small figure standing upright against the high back of her chair.

"I have known you and hated you all my life," she said.

She went to the writing-table and took up a small velvet case that lay there. She opened it with a cool deliberation, and then held it close for Lady Mansfield to see.

"This is my father's picture," she said simply.

Lady Mansfield was an unemotional woman. All her life she had accepted while others gave, but as she leaned forward, peering wonderingly at the painted face, her own went white, and she gave a stifled cry that was almost a sob.

Peggy closed the case with a snap and stepped back.

"I am Doris Weatherfield, and you are the woman who ruined my father and broke my mother's heart."

Lady Mansfield straightened herself suddenly. It was the first time in all her life that her self-possession had been shaken; she regarded it almost as a breach of good taste that she had been startled into an exclamation of dismay. Besides, it was all so long ago—the present so soon covers up all traces of the past. She looked up with unwavering eyes, and her voice was calm again when she answered.

"I knew your father and mother many years ago, my dear child, but I think you must apologise for the remainder of your speech"—and then she made the fatal mistake of explanation. "It was naturally a shock to me—please forgive me if I wound you in saying it—that a woman like you could be the daughter of old friends of mine."

Peggy smiled back at her, the brilliant smile that won so many hearts across the footlights—a smile that was cruelly bitter seen so near, with its touch of cynicism and cunning.

"A woman like me," she repeated—"and a woman like you has made me that."

She settled down in her chair again, and though her small, frail face looked sweetly child-like under the halo of her fair hair, her eyes were the eyes of a woman. She folded her hands sedately in her lap.

"I will tell you how that came to be," she said, in a tone that was coolly impersonal. "You and my father were girl and boy lovers—you were engaged in a kind of way; and then Harold Eliot came to stay with my people for the shooting one autumn, and he promptly fell in love with his friend's sweetheart. In those days he was a long way removed from the title, but still he had more to offer than his friend. After all, it was something to bask in the shadow of an earldom; and a life in London, smart friends, a good time—all these things appeal to an ambitious and pretty girl. When men are young, it sometimes happens that they know how to love very deeply; if they do, it is a love that lasts a lifetime. That was my father's love for you. It was a wound that healed in time, but it left its scar. He too married—a gentle, good, unselfish little creature who was faithful to him all her life. He left the Army when he married and came to London, where his father-in-law offered him a partnership in his business—on the Stock Exchange, as you know. He prospered steadily, so that you and your husband were glad enough to renew an old friendship that was almost forgotten. It is a bad thing, Lady Mansfield, for a young and pretty woman with extravagant tastes to live on the edge of wealth and have none—to have a position, and no money to keep it up. You were no longer an inexperienced girl, but a clever woman, fully conscious how useful men can be sometimes, and deliberately you probed my father's heart, for when he was not empty-handed it was a love worth winning. He gave you all he had to give—and more, for there is no "enough" when a woman's wants are to be stilled. Your husband must have known: he must have been a poor, weak wretch indeed—very like your son to-day—only the world never knew: you were sheltered by his name. But you were no better than any poor remnant of humanity who sells herself in the street in the shadow of night."

Lady Mansfield closed her eyes. It was the only sign she gave that the insult offered her in the sweet young voice that remained so serenely tranquil had touched her. For a moment a silence hung heavy between them, and then the voice went softly on—

"This continued for years. My mother knew and suffered; but she never complained and she never spoke. She only waited. And then the day came when my father's luck turned. His speculations went wrong; he plunged more and more. That was the end, and so you parted—he a broken man; you gently tolerant, sweetly sorry, but what else was there for you to do? There was no place

in your life for the unsuccessful. The world is a curious tangle. It was then that your husband came suddenly and unexpectedly into the title and the Mansfield fortune. My father died, and then my mother, and this wretched story was my only inheritance. Perhaps it may interest you to know that I still have your letters to my father—men are like that, Lady Mansfield—and his old pass-books."

She paused again, but Lady Mansfield sat rigid, only her eyes burned, alive and suffering, in the deadness of her face. Peggy drew her breath softly, and then her mellow, husky voice continued smoothly—

"I came to London to look for a position as governess or companion—I was fit for nothing else; but I was too young and too pretty for either, and so I fell in with a music-hall actor who lived in the same boarding-house. I had been well and carefully trained in music, but all my years of study resulted in playing accompaniments—dressed in a violent pink satin frock up to my knees—for a man with a Cockney accent and many diamonds that were elaborately displayed on all occasions. That was the beginning of a now famous career. It has been a long road. You would not understand the vulgarities, the hardships, the disappointments of such a life; but if I had remained respectable and obscure I should never have had the privilege of your son's friendship or the honour of a visit from his mother."

Her voice was full of a gentle irony.

"And it has made me your equal, Lady Mansfield. I am now as hard, as relentless, as selfish as you, and so I shall marry your son."

Lady Mansfield rose stiffly. Her heart pounded in her ears; each word had struck her like the sting of a whip, flicking her deftly and surely in her tortured soul. She felt flayed and sore. She was no match for the insolence of this fair young girl with her dimpling mouth and stern eyes; but she held her head high, two spots of red burned in the pallor of her face.

"I shall tell my son your preposterous story," she said, in her coldest voice.

Peggy rose slowly from her chair, her little body tense as she faced Lady Mansfield.

"I ask for nothing better," she answered; "but you will not have the courage, and because you are a coward and because I am vindictive I shall marry your son."

She said it almost sweetly.

Lord Mansfield straggled reluctantly out of his chair when his mother entered the room. He usually carefully avoided her when he was wearing his morning-after expression; he was only just up, and he was about to wend his way clubwards. The encounter bored him, for he was never energetic in the morning, but he came forward dutifully.

"Morning, mother," he said, with an elaborate cheerfulness.

Lady Mansfield stood still on the threshold, looking at her son as if she had never seen him before. He was good-looking in a weak, futile sort of way, with a long, loose figure, and a smile that was always vaguely apologetic.

But it was his singular likeness to his father when he was twenty-three that struck her painfully. She thought swiftly of the useless, dissipated life that made her husband a worn and disillusioned man at forty. Her eyes clouded with tears. She felt suddenly old and powerless to cope with the life she foresaw for her boy. She was filled with an immense pity for herself. Nothing seemed worth while any more. She put her hands heavily on her son's shoulders.

"My boy," she whispered brokenly, and then she looked up into his eyes. They were full of an uneasy surprise. He was wondering what she had found out now—was he in for another lecture? He scowled with a pucker of impatient annoyance, which brought his eyes closer together, giving his weak young face a lowering, suspicious look. It was the expression of a man constantly on his guard, fearful of being trapped. He was ready to defend himself, only he wanted to get it over quickly. Scenes bored him. With one swift, comprehending glance his mother read his mind. She meant no more to him than a figurehead who had some dim, intangible right to criticise and find fault with his every action. She longed to put her head on his shoulder and be comforted, and then she realised how dismayed and shocked he would be. All her life she had stood alone. Her children feared her more than they loved her; she could no more confide in her son than she could in her cook. She turned away from him with a weary, helpless sigh.

"The mater looks jolly well fagged—looks her age," her son was thinking, and then she spoke.

"I have seen Miss O'Neill," she said smoothly. "I am willing to receive her and give my consent to your marriage."

Her life-work lay wrecked before her; she surveyed it stoically, a smile on her drawn lips. If he would have understood, would she have had the courage to confess? she wondered dumbly. Her eyes filled slowly with tears. She faced the truth—that even in her sorrow she was a coward. She dared not tell. Lord Mansfield shot his hands in his pockets triumphantly.

"Cheer oh!" he exclaimed, with classic simplicity.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

A WALK OVER THE CHAMPIONSHIP COURSE: MUSINGS AND MEMORIES AT SANDWICH.

Down at Sandwich.

I believe that when the time comes, as it will do soon, the persons who play in the great Amateur Championship tournament at Sandwich—the most eagerly discussed golf competition that has ever taken place—will have a more interesting course than has ever



SETTER-UP OF A NEW RECORD: MISS CECIL LEITCH, WHO HAS BEEN ROUND AT RANELAGH IN 67.

In the Ladies' International Golf Meeting at Ranelagh, Miss Cecil Leitch, playing for England, returned a card of 67, thus beating the previous record, her own 69 and Miss May Leitch's 69.

Photograph by Alfieri.

and getting his 3 after all. And, of course, in addition to the foreign invaders, our own men in their defending legions will get horribly bunkered all over the place; and when I paced my way over these eighteen holes of Sandwich, I could not help paying particular attention to the first one, because it may not be properly realised that this hole will be played more than any other, and will settle most of the very closest matches, for the reason that it is not only the first but the nineteenth; and at the Amateur Championship the nineteenth is a very important institution. From the full-length tee it is 396 yards, so that, with everything in their favour, the Championship candidates will find it a good drive and some considerable iron shot afterwards; and if the drive is not their very best, they will find it a difficult matter to get home anyhow with their seconds, for there is a big bunker in front of the green and all the way across. It is a good hole.

The Same Good Old Course.

But there are many very fine holes at Sandwich, and hardly anything like a dull one in the round. Despite the changes that have been made in recent times, there is still a considerable disparity between the lengths of the outgoing and incoming halves, the one being 3043 yards and the other 3551; but this matters little, and is hardly noticed when playing, because the golf is so interesting throughout. However, Mr. H. S. Colt has been down that way, and has made a report on the changes that he considers desirable, and when

the championship is over some, if not all, of them will no doubt be carried out. But in the meantime the course will be practically the same as it was at the Open Championship there three years ago, when Harry Vardon and Massy tied, and the former won on playing off. Many people have been much concerned about the possibility of changes in the course for the great event, and of the Royal St. George's Club springing some great surprises upon them, and they may be glad to have this assurance. At the Open event the professionals grumbled very much about the tenth hole, or some of them, including Ray, did, declaring that the approach was unfair in that if the shot was only the very least too strong the ball toppled over the precipice and down into a sandy bunker below. But in my recent inspection of this hole I came to the conclusion that there was very little to grumble at now, whatever there may have been in the past. A little banking has been done at the edge of the green, so that a shot has to be very much too strong to go over; and even when it does, the old bunker that used to be there has become largely overgrown with grass, and recovery from those parts is not such a terribly difficult business as it used to be.



ENGAGED TO MR. ALLAN MACBETH: MISS MURIEL DODD.

Miss Dodd and Mr. Macbeth met at St. Anne's-on-Sea last year when Miss Dodd won the Ladies' Golf Championship. Miss Dodd lives at Prenton, near Birkenhead. At present, Mr. Macbeth—who, by the way, is a scratch golfer—is living in France, at Lille.

Photograph by Pragnell.

Famous Holes.

On no course in the world is a watch than it is at Sandwich, as from one place in the



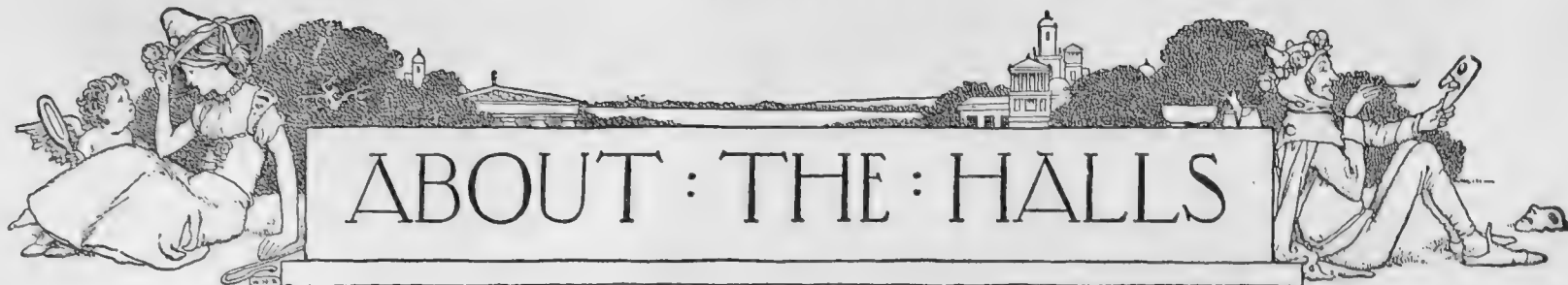
LADY CHAMPIONS OF FOUR COUNTRIES: MISS GLADYS RAVENSCROFT (AMERICA); MISS MURIEL DODD (ENGLAND AND CANADA); AND MISS DORIS CHAMBERS (INDIA).

This photograph was taken the other day on the occasion of the play for the Cheshire Ladies' Golf Championship, in the final of which Miss Ravenscroft beat Miss Dodd on the last green. Miss Chambers was beaten by Miss Dodd in the semi-finals by 2 and 1.

Photograph by Watson.

championship more interesting to middle one can see so much, and pay flying visits to several matches in the course of a few minutes. Old golfers will have some magnificent memories revived that week. They will grieve for the departed Maiden hole; and it is difficult to believe that the sixth that has taken its place is any improvement upon it. But they will find the other famous short hole in the first half of the round, the Hades or eighth, just as it has always been, with that wicked bunker on the far side of the hill that the golfers have to play over, and in which they are often not sure if they have been trapped until the little boy in his khaki coat on the hill signals with his flag. The famous "Corsets" bunker follows at the ninth; and then there is a succession of fine holes, and at the fourteenth there is the only water hazard about the place, being the stream or ditch which they call the "Suez Canal," which has to be crossed with the second shot; while the short sixteenth is one of the most be-bunkered short holes in existence. I have never seen a fairway in better order than this at Sandwich now; and Mr. Ryder Richardson is making the most perfect arrangements for the meeting. In many ways we are going to have a wonderful championship.

HENRY LEACH.



REVUE AT THE PALACE : FUN AT THE PAVILION AND PALLADIUM.

THE Palace has at last conformed, and has produced a revue of its very own. Since Mlle. Gaby Deslys last appeared there it has, despite its popular programmes, not always succeeded in drawing a full house. Mr. Alfred Butt has therefore decided to fall into line, and, to judge from the crammed condition of the house on the opening night, it may well be hoped that the Palace has once more resumed a course of popular favouritism. The new revue, which is called "The Passing Show," has been written by Mr. Arthur Wimperis, and the music is, of course, in the hands of Mr. Herman Finck, and it is perfectly safe to assert that they have both done admirably well; while the staging, by Mr. Gus Sohlke, and the *mise-en-scène*, by Mr. P. L. Flers, leave nothing to be desired. The scenery is divided into six portions, leading up to a gorgeous representation of the garden of the Villa Marie Antoinette at Deauville, with a truly beautiful background in which living figures are introduced with very charming results. It may safely be said that, so far as scenic effect goes, there has been seen little in London to rival its beauty, and Mr. Butt may be cordially congratulated upon its success. The cast is also excellently arranged. It comprises Mr. Arthur Playfair as the showman, who works hard and successfully; the droll Mr. Lewis Sydney; and Mr. Nelson Keys, who gives some excellent mimicry. Then there is Mlle. Régine Flory, who alone and with M. Marquis dances with great effect; and a heap of beautiful ladies, all admirably dressed. But perhaps the most striking feature of the whole show is Miss Elsie Janis, who has already achieved her triumphs in America and now comes to repeat them in London. This little lady made an instantaneous success, and deserved every bit of it. The possessor of a small voice which can be perfectly heard, she sang her songs with capital effect; while towards the close of the evening she fairly brought down the house with her imitations of well-known stage favourites. "The Passing Show" has by now been curtailed considerably, and may confidently look forward to a long career of success.



THE NEW FIFI DU BARRY IN "THE JOY-RIDE LADY," AT THE NEW: MISS MARIE BLANCHE.

Miss Marie Blanche had some experience of leading parts in the West End even before she became Fifi; for, for several months, she played the title-role in "The Pearl Girl" at the Shaftesbury during the absence of Miss Iris Hoey. Miss Blanche is a Yorkshire girl, her home being in Harrogate. Her aunt, Miss Ada Blanche, has long been one of the great favourites with musical-comedy audiences.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

after hurling quips at the somewhat unenterprising Severin, they depart. The poet being left alone, to him enters Diane, Marquise de Château Vieux, of whom we have already heard some talk. This winsome lady declares that she is married, but endeavours to induce Severin to make love to her—a condition in which he already is. Just as things are going very nicely the scene is interrupted by the return of Julien, in a more or less intoxicated condition, and during his visit the lady is temporarily hidden in a bedroom, from which she emerges when he departs and tells Severin that she is not really married. Just as the two are embracing satisfactorily the whole crowd returns, and everything ends happily in an adjournment to a night café. This little piece, which is described in the programme as "Reinhardt's Famous Musical Comedietta," goes very well indeed. Miss Joan Hay plays the part of the Marquise capitally, and the men-folk are all quite capable and full of life. Mr. Bruce Winston and Prosper both sing excellently, and Mr. Derek Oldham is completely successful as the Futurist painter, dancing with a vim that is not impaired by his size. The costumes, which were designed by Mr. Bruce Winston, give an air of gaiety to the scene, which is received with enthusiasm by the frequenters of the "Pav."

At the Palladium. I found a large house obviously enjoying itself very much at the house off Regent Street. Immediately following the performance of Mr. Joe Elvin in one of his amusing sketches arrived Mr. George Robey, who is really one of the most entertain-

ing of his kind. It is easy enough to accuse this popular comedian of extending the limits accorded to popular entertainers to their furthest bounds, but it would be idle to deny the power he possesses of making the people laugh. His get-up year after year is very much the same, his songs show little or no variety, but still he retains his powers of amusing. The comedian in the revue has all the advantage of his surroundings, but Mr. George Robey possesses none of these things. He just comes on, and by his whimsical methods and by his risky little remarks keeps the house in a roar of laughter all the time. His strange little mannerisms and his quaint methods of pretending to rebuke his hearers for their misapprehension of his meaning are irresistible to those who are in the vein for merriment, and if at moments he suggests to the prudish that he goes too far, the suggestion is only momentary. His fashion may be slightly of the olden school, but one would be genuinely sorry to see its departure. He is an institution, and long may he remain so.



"THE DARING OF DIANE," AT THE LONDON PAVILION: MISS JOAN HAY.

Photograph by Wrather and Buys.

the three occupants of the rooms are left desolate. Julien and Prosper at once propose to go off to some gay haunt in Paris, and,

A Romance of Student Life.

At the Pavilion the other night I saw a little piece, "The Daring of Diane," that went very well. The scene was laid in the studio of one Julien, a Futurist painter living in the midst of Montmartre with Prosper, a musician, and with Severin, a poet. The scene between these three, enlivened by some singing and dancing of a vivacious order, is broken in upon by the entrance of a collection of minidettes and students attired in fancy dress, and all goes merrily until the party is broken up by a tiff, at the conclusion of which



"THE DARING OF DIANE," AT THE LONDON PAVILION: MISS JOAN HAY.

Photograph by Wrather and Buys.

He is an ROVER.



The Light Car Trial.

Glorious Spring.

In Gorseland.

With the final closing of the entries for the Thousand Miles Reliability Trial for Light Cars, it is now feasible to gauge the prospects of the two late entrants at extra fees—namely, a mronette. This added a third contingent to the two Deemsters had already been enrolled, so that ngers, Swifts, and Deemsters respectively. On standard has been withdrawn, thereby reducing to six. The units will now number fifteen, and six competitors in all, with twenty-four separate may be described as a good and representative ris-Oxford and the Stellite are conspicuous absentee, being full order-books. The trial will uninteresting, but I am of the very definite opinion

golden splendour. Even so near at hand as Esher Common there is a good display, and, further along the Portsmouth Road, the ascent to Hindhead is a blaze of colour. Short of the actual South Downs themselves, however, which are wonderful in a good year—especially between Seaford and Eastbourne—the finest spread of colours is in Ashdown Forest. To enjoy it to the full I would recommend the following route: Proceed to Reigate; Limpsfield, and Edenbridge, and thence through the forest to Maresfield; the run is satisfying at any time, but never more so than in the spring. One does not realise the full wealth of Nature's prodigality, however, until one has returned by a different route, and from Maresfield the left-hand road should be taken through Nutley, Forest Row, and East Grinstead. Anyone familiar with this out-and-home route will bear me out in my appreciation of its resplendent charm, while to

those who have never driven in that direction at this time of year I can only say, "Stand not on the order of your going," but set off at once. I may add that, without going as far as Ashdown Common, they will find Limpsfield Common particularly attractive just now, and it is worthy an afternoon's run from town when time will not permit a longer journey.

Roadside Developments

Nothing could well be more trite, of course, and even banal, than the remark that the motor-car has resuscitated the roadside inn; to a great extent this had already been accomplished by the cycle. One can hardly drive

along any well-known route, however, without noting some new development or other which amounts to more than a mere revival. The prosperity of the more popular hotels in picturesque or easily accessible positions is astounding. Last year I called one day at the Burford Bridge Hotel for lunch and tea, and at each meal alike it was made abundantly clear that the sooner I got through and vacated my seat the better the management would be pleased, for there were scores of people waiting to sit down; and a big array of cars outside. Within the past few days, however, I have twice visited the same hostelry, and may inform those who have hesitated perhaps, to revisit it of late, because of previous experiences similar to mine of last year, that a huge new dining-room has now been added to the existing building, entirely as the result of motorists' patronage. The same course was adopted some time ago at the White Lion at Cobham; but for the height of motoring popularity one must call for tea at the Hut Hotel at Wisley. The scene it presents on any fine Sunday afternoon is indeed extraordinary; but at Easter it must have surpassed all records. I am told that on Easter Monday over two thousand cars stopped during the day at this one hotel!



LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL—LEAVING BROMPTON ORATORY AFTER THE WEDDING OF LADY BETTY BERTIE
(YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY ABINGDON) AND CAPTAIN S. W. TRAFFORD.

Lady Randolph Churchill, it seems almost superfluous to say these days, married Lord Randolph Churchill, who died in 1895, in 1874; and married Mr George Cornwallis-West (who recently married Mrs. Patrick Campbell) in 1900. Lady Randolph has two sons—Mr. Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty; and Mr. John Strange Churchill, who, in 1908, married Lady Gwendeline Bertie, daughter of Lord Abingdon.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]



THE ordinary workaday man is not enthusiastic about the large political pensions that fall to the favoured few, and his lack of enthusiasm results in periodic questions in the House about the riches of this or that pensioner, and the opportunities afforded for the refusal of benefits. In answer to a recent question suggested by certain large estates, Mr. Asquith explained that each applicant for a pension must sign a declaration that his own income is inadequate for the maintenance of his position. Nowadays such declaration is taken as sufficient in itself, but not many years ago it was always investigated, and not seldom found to be unjustifiable.

We live in a more trustworthy or, at any rate, a more trusting generation.

Pensions and the Impossible.

Cases of the refusal or

relinquishing of pensions are not common. The reflection that they have never been common probably fortifies the modern pensioner against any rash act of self-abnegation. But the precedents are there for those who want them. Nor have they been always explained away, as when the Lord Lauderdale of another century petitioned that his pension should be reduced from £60 to £10 a day, as he was "deadly weary of being mine host to all Scotland." In our own day Sir Edward Fry refused the nation's money on different grounds, and Sir John Gorst set a great example in resigning the whole of his political pension. It was a great example in the setting rather than the following.

Out of the Depths.

Mr. Justice Channell, like Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Eve, and most other properly qualified Judges before him, bore a name that served the purposes of the legal humourist. Mr. Justice Channell's delivery, being somewhat broken and guttural, was not always clear, and when on one occasion he was addressing the Court as an advocate the Bench requested him to be so good as to repeat the least audible of his remarks.

He did so, but with no better success. "I'm afraid," his brother counsel said, *sotto voce*, "that it is lost in

the chops of the Channell." Let us earnestly hope that Mr. Shearman and Mr. Sankey, who are now promoted to judgeships, will be found equally convenient. There is a promising sound about both of them.

Eudamidas.

Though "G. B. S." has written a play and been to all sorts of trouble in order to use bad language, the ingenuity of most men is exerted in the other direction. When James Russell Lowell found himself and his argument wrongly described on the programme of a debating society in Boston, he tried to put himself right by rising and saying that if he ever met the printer he would call him by the name of the first King of Sparta. When his audience got home and looked up that monarch in their biographical dictionaries, they found his name was Eudamidas.

The Academy.

Already there is talk of a picture of the year, or of two pictures, but rumour that goes the round in advance of Press-day and private-view is necessarily a little vague. For what it is worth, then, let it be recorded that Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen and Mr. Cadogan Cowper are named as the painters of outstanding canvases, and both are said to have made an appearance on the preliminary list of possible Chantry purchases. The making of that list is not so simple as it used to be; and last week the President and his advisers went the round of the galleries,

including the "International" in Bond Street and the "Watercolours" in Pall Mall, in order to make certain that no outsider's merits called aloud for recognition. Nobody, however, will know the final decisions of the Trustees until the day of the private view. Both Mr. Greiffenhagen and Mr. Cadogan Cowper have had several pictures bought by public funds. The former's "Judgment of Paris" is in the Sydney National Gallery, and Mr. Cadogan Cowper's "St. Agnes" is in the Tate Gallery.



TO MARRY MR. F. S. STAVELEY TO-DAY (APRIL 29): MISS URSULA WHITAKER.

It is arranged that the wedding of Miss Ursula Whitaker, of Broad Clist Vicarage, Exeter, and Mr. F. S. Staveley, of Driffield, Yorkshire, shall take place in Yorkshire to-day.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO COMMANDER GUY P. BIGG-WITHERS: MISS WINIFRED HELEN CAMPBELL.

Miss Campbell is the only daughter of Colonel J. E. R. Campbell, D.S.O., D.L., J.P., of Brimfield Hall, Herefordshire. Commander Bigg-Withers is of the Royal Naval War College, Portsmouth.

Photograph by Sarony.



TO BE PRESENTED NEXT MONTH: THE HON. GWYNETH MORGAN.

Miss Morgan is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Tredegar and was born in 1895.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



WRITER ON "LIFE IN A TURKISH HAREM": MISS GRACE ELLISON.

Miss Ellison wrote "A Turkish Woman's Impressions of Europe," in collaboration with Melek Hanoum. Her articles on "Life in a Turkish Harem" are considered in Turkey to have done more than anything else for the freedom of Turkish women.—[Photo. Swaine.]



MISS GWYNNYDD COLLETON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN THE HON. HUGH THELLUSSON WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (APRIL 28).

The bride is the third daughter of Brigadier-General Sir Robert Colleton, Bt., C.B., and Lady Colleton, of Morelands, Purbrook, Hants. Captain Thellusson, R.A., is the younger of the brothers of Lord Rendlesham.

Photograph by Swaine.



MISS H. W. A. RUSSELL, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. WILLIAM ALEXANDER WHITELAW WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (APRIL 28).

Miss Russell is the youngest daughter of the late Major-General Frank S. Russell, C.M.G., and of Mrs. Russell, of Aberdeenshire. Mr. Whitelaw is the eldest son of Mr. William Whitelaw, of Monkland, Nairn.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Dangerous Spring. Whether we sit at home or whether we walk abroad, life seems to be full of perils for the bravest. According to medical experts, there are so many dangers to our health lurking everywhere, that the only safe course would be to stay in bed indefinitely, like the amusing man in Mr. Baring Gould's story. It is manifestly unsafe to drive or walk about those London streets which have wood pavement, for minute portions of this otherwise useful road-covering enter your throat and there set up undesirable processes. Again, if you fly the dangerous streets and seek refuge in our resplendent parks, now gallantly flaunting their new and ever-fashionable spring clothing, you will probably catch a still more severe form of nose and bronchial catarrh, due to the pollen which is flying about in all directions. We humans are so accustomed to bow down and worship trees of all descriptions, and to regard it as a species of sacrilege to cut one down, that we suffer, it appears, all sorts of slight maladies rather than dispense with green canopies. As for the chronic sufferers from hay-fever, who cannot venture near the radiant countryside as June draws near, their case, it seems, is tragical. They must miss the glory and beauty of England just when these are most triumphant, and nothing seen (or smelt) before or after can make up to them for their irreparable loss.

A Vanishing "Season."

The chief characteristic of the London Season in these days is that, instead of hurrying up to town for a solid three-months' stay, most English people who can afford it rush to the country for long week-ends or else take a house or cottage in what agents call "the vicinity," and motor up and down to such festivities as appeal to them. The fact is that, except the girls and boys who are bent on dancing, most people prefer to get all the summer weather among green gardens and woods. The London Season now enjoys most of its prestige with foreigners, Americans, and Colonials. Vast dinners of forty and fifty covers are given, it is true, but who enjoys them as much as those delightful spring gatherings of eight or ten, in which Londoners are at their best? The Opera at Covent Garden makes a splendid spectacle, with the audience in full war-paint, while the Derby, Ascot, and Goodwood are remarkable sights. Yet all the talk at these places is of the coming week-end by the countryside, and where and with whom it will be spent. Plainly, the heart of the Londoner is no longer in the "Season."

The Thunderer on Frills.

It is quite evident that both clothes and the woman loom important in the public eye, or the *Times* would not open its majestic columns to a heated controversy on the topic of fashions. Certainly the tyranny which has its headquarters in Paris has grown acute of late, and we seem to be always running a race—and generally coming in a bad third—in pursuit of some phantom and elusive mode. The whole affair, to be sure, is bound up with manufactures,

with "bringing in" this tissue or that, with the prosperity of ribbons, feathers, or artificial flowers. It is heartrending, but we are obliged to discard last month's hat (which suited us to perfection) because some actress in Paris chooses to wear an inverted pudding-basin or what-not, with only one eye and one ear visible. Now this is an outrage on the liberty of the subject which every Englishwoman should resent. She seldom looks well in a typical Parisian *chapeau*, and acquired her chief claim to beauty among foreigners during the two vogues of the Gainsborough hat, in the 'eighties of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The female Briton, with her fine complexion and shape, can wear most colours and patterns, even those eccentric ones which emanate from French

and Russian brains, but her hat she should choose for herself. Men-folk are content to wear the same head-gear year in, year out, with ever so trifling a difference in brim or crown, and on the whole it suits them. But an earnest and anxious Englishwoman with the latest Paris eccentricity on her head cuts, very often, a curious figure.

The Story of Letitia Landon.

There is an illuminating article in the *Englishwoman* on the tragedy of that verse-writer known as "L. E. L.," who flourished during the reign of George IV., and who died such a mysterious death just as the young Victoria had ascended the throne. Society in that time must have been incredibly malicious and uncharitable towards women, and especially towards women-writers. To be an author was almost a crime; and that is why the well-bred and well-connected Jane Austen concealed the fact of her writings as a dire secret. The period of the Regency and the reign of the "First Gentleman in Europe" was particularly loose, brutal, and drunken as regards men; Britons had then the defects of a fighting race. It is inconceivable nowadays that a writer of sentimental verses of little literary value should not

only achieve a dazzling celebrity, but incur the shafts of envy and malevolence. The young lady got involved—in literary matters—with the Irish writer William Maginn. Mrs. Maginn became jealous; the Irishman attempted to blackmail her; a duel was fought on her behalf; and lo! the reputation of the celebrated poetess was gone. Like other more famous poets of her time, she was hounded out of England; or, at any rate, found it prudent to make a match with a somewhat reluctant bridegroom, and to sail for Cape Coast Castle, of which her husband was Governor. Four months later she was found dead in her room, a bottle containing prussic acid by her side. Such a story seems incredible now; the world has certainly grown more charitable and more tolerant, probably because it is, on the whole, better behaved. There is no one so censorious as your Rake, and "L. E. L." lived in a time of rakes, prize-fighters, and alcoholics. Nor had she the splendid solidarity of intelligent womankind behind her, such as would certainly be manifested in such a case to-day.



FROM THE FRENCH: SOME ENTENTE CORDIALE FASHION DESIGNS.

Reading from left to right, the descriptions of the dresses are as follows:—(1) A costume of khaki-coloured cloth composed of a little straight coat, and a skirt with two irregular flounces forming a tunic. (2) A white cloth coat with a softly falling cape, which crosses over in the front in a novel manner. The collar and revers are made of turquoise velvet, and the skirt of black charmeuse. (3) A loose-fitting coat of red-brown velours-de-laine over an olive-green skirt made with two flounces. (4) A dress of brown cloth with a pleated tunic; the little coat is made of a lighter shade of taffetas and is trimmed all round with a gathered frill.

CITY NOTES.

SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 13

THE SLUMP AND THE SETTLEMENT.

THIS Wednesday sees the finish of the most disastrous Settlement which the Stock Exchange has for many months past offered to its patrons. Such a calamitous slump there has rarely been, even in the fiercest days of Fashoda, the Balkans, industrial strife at home. On the principle that it never rains but it pours, prices have proceeded from depression to flatness, from nervousness to slump, with an impartiality that found room for such extraneities as Nigerian Tin, Royal Mail, American beer.

Saving grace in the situation, there is little stock open on speculative account so far as the bulls are concerned. The bears can look after themselves: they scoop in differences by the hundred this time. But apart from stale holders of Home Rails, hesitating bulls of Oils, and half-fearful proprietors of Russian shares, the "long" side is scantily represented in the Stock Exchange to-day. The banks might tell a different tale amongst their customers, who, having borrowed the banks' money to pay for Stock Exchange purchases, may be hard put to it in order to maintain the margin required, in view of the slump in prices. To provide more cover, something has to be sold, and the realisations serve to increase the welter of flatness already present. If it is not provided, then the bank sells the stock for what it will fetch. So sales are added to sales, and the bull cries that he is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. The day will come, of course, when the investor and the bear will combine in thinking that things have touched bottom, that stocks cannot go much lower, that their attractions are undeniable. Then the tide will be stemmed, and not a man in the Stock Exchange, however bearish his tendency, but will hope that something of a recovery may ensue in the new account, which runs to the middle of May.

FOREIGN GOVERNMENT BONDS.

Whereas the market for Foreign Government Bonds used to be the section above all others to which the cautious investor went for his 5 per cent. with good security, latter days have changed the sentiment, the prices, and the yields with disquieting rapidity. We used to buy Chinese and Japanese Bonds—and that not so many years ago—with the sure and certain conviction that these, at any rate, would always fetch the prices that we gave for them. And so it was with Chilean, Brazilian, Argentine, and several others of similar class. In Europe, after the Russo-Japanese War, we picked up Russian Bonds with feelings not far distant from those with which we should have made a purchase of Consols. And yet the prices nowadays have shrunk considerably from those at which we bought. The credit of the various countries is impugned in what would have been regarded not long ago as a shameless manner. Events in the world have certainly moved fast—more quickly, in fact, than the investor would have cared to speculate upon when he bought his bonds.

Of the signs of the times the financial columns in *The Sketch* have been ready interpreters, warning the investor that behind all the popularity of the Far Eastern bonds there might lurk a day when internal difficulties in the countries would shake the happy confidence of the bondholders; and there is some satisfaction in being able to reflect that at least a certain amount of money has been kept out of these less profitable investments. Nor even yet does the situation, so far as China and Japan are concerned, seem cloudless, and he who puts money into the bonds of either country must recognise that he is taking risks, and that he might, perhaps, employ his money to greater profit and with sounder security elsewhere.

Of the Foreign Government issues, those of the Argentine Republic are the most creditable outside the European group. Argentine Fives of 1886 or the Buenos Ayres Water Supply Loan, both standing in the neighbourhood of 102½, with coupons due on Jan. 1 and July 1, have security behind them which, even in these disturbed times, wears the aspect of impregnability. We would recommend the Austrian 4½ per cent. scrip at 95¼; the issue price, to those who do not mind the chances which may occur by reason of the possible demise of the aged Emperor. The notes run for fifteen years, and are redeemable annually in equal amounts, starting almost at once, so that there is, in addition to the 4½ per cent. on the money, the prospect of being paid off at some early date with a £5 bonus.

RUBBER AND ITS REVERSES.

To put not your trust in Rubber-rises is the maxim of the jobber in the Stock Exchange market who has been caught many a time on previous occasions by the price of the produce going up with a run, only to come down again as rapidly when he had laid in a certain amount of stock in the expectation of being able to get out of it upon a continuance of the strength in the raw material. If you talk to a jobber nowadays about rubber going to four shillings, it is tantamount to asking for trouble, more especially as the distrust surrounding the market for the raw produce has been deepened just lately by the exhausted manner in which rubber sank below 2s. 7d. per lb. within a few days of its having been 3s.

The American-Mexican War has its effect upon the Rubber Market, as upon the rest. What is going to be the end of the struggle no one—at any rate, at the time of writing—can be expected to foretell. Whatever happens, florin rubber is scarcely within the bounds of immediate probability, but the outlook is not nice for holders of the big-priced shares.

These last are not so many as they were. Still, however, there may be room for further depreciation in the prices of what the papers love to call the "leaders." As before, our counsel is to stick to the younger concerns, those with their spurs and their rubber to win, for these, in the long run, are likely to pay the buyer much better than their seniors.

PARAGUAY CENTRAL RAILWAY.

The half-yearly report of this Company for the six months ending Dec. 31, 1913, confirms the hopeful views which we have more than once expressed about its prospects.

Gross receipts at £85,700 showed an increase of £14,400, while working expenses increased by only £1800. The working profit amounted to £42,900.

Such an increase in profits is all the more creditable in face of the exceedingly difficult commercial conditions which existed last year, but the Company has greatly benefited by the opening of the ferry between Encarnacion and Posadas in October last. Progress has been quite satisfactory on the Ignazo extension and on the electrification of the Ascension Tramway, which is owned by this Company.

Interest on the 6 per cent. Prior Lien Debentures required only £18,000 per annum, and so is covered many times over. It is to the attractions of these Debentures that we have previously drawn attention. In view of the high yield offered at the present quotation of par, we consider these Debentures are well worth attention.

The more junior issue are, of course, much more speculative, as is clearly indicated by the price of 44 for the 5 per cent. Debentures. It is impossible to say when payment will be commenced on this stock, but the present report indicates that something more than half the full rate was earned, although the directors did not see their way to make any distribution at present.

The Ordinary shares of £10 each now stand at about 5½, but we fear it will be some years before proprietors of this issue begin to receive any return on their capital.

LUNCH IN "THE BOIS."

"This is what I like about Paris," declared the Cosmopolitan, as they transferred their little Union Jacks from their hats to their button-holes and sat down at their table. "Every day over here we shut the office at twelve, and I drive out here to lunch and get some fresh air. In London——"

"Dites donc," murmured a little voice. "J'ai faim, moi; qu'est-ce que nous allons manger?"

The City Editor gallantly declared that while in the present company he couldn't bring himself to consider such mundane matters, so Mademoiselle was left to wrestle with the head waiter. And the result certainly did her credit.

"What is going to happen in Mexico?" inquired the Director, who had been looking at the paper.

"It is too hard for me," admitted the City Editor; "but if the United States see this thing through, it will be a good thing for Mexico in the end."

"And for the United States?"

"It will at least help them to learn that the Great Nations have got a price to pay for their privileges. At present America is like a baby, knowing neither——"

"Will it affect Home Rails?" inquired the Cosmopolitan, who had had so much difficulty in undoing a very small glove-button that he'd missed most of the conversation. "I've nearly always got a few open, and I——"

"I don't think so," said the Director. "Most of them are so cheap at present."

"Great Western are about the pick of the basket," volunteered the City Editor, "and then there are Great Central Prefs or——"

"My interest begins and ends with Midland Deferred," declared the Cosmopolitan. "I've been in and out of them for years, and I generally manage to make money——"

"Well," remarked the City Editor, "they offer a bigger yield to-day than they've ever offered before. It's somewhere about five and three-quarters per cent., I believe, so you ought to be all right." But his listener's attention had been distracted by a somewhat painful tweak of the ear, so the last speaker turned to the Director. "He's quite right," he said; "that's the only way to make money on the Stock Exchange."

"Meaning?"

"Pick out one or two securities, study them thoroughly and regularly, and never gamble in anything else."

"A little field well tilled," laughed the other. "The logic is perfectly sound, but not many of us can stick to it!"

"Mais je le veux"—it was rather a querulous little voice this time, and it took the united efforts of the whole party to convince the little lady that there really wasn't time to go to Vincennes to see the King. Even then she had the last word. "M'en fiche, j'irai le voir demain. Je connais quelqu'un——"

But the sun soon came out again, and so the Director had to talk

[Continued on page 128.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Which Swayed Which?

Did the Queen attract the extremest of the Parisiennes towards her own more moderate ideas in fashion, or did her Majesty rather admire the saucy impertinences of Parisian modes? I imagine that there was a little of both, for the Queen looks very handsome in her clothes, and, despite her conventional dress, is quite open to admiring little daring, becoming touches on those whom they suit. She does not consider that they suit her, and she is probably right. At Auteuil there were some *mannequins* that may have been sent out with a view to taking the Queen by storm. Had she been that kind of woman, they would have made her storm; as it was, after one glance she remained admirably unconscious of transparent draperies almost to the waist, the queerest of small, spirally ascending hats, and skirts draped indeed, but very much to the figure. Lady Desborough was smiling, and there was possibly a twinkle in her half-veiled eyes. The Duchess of Devonshire, like the Queen, remained supremely unconscious of the undress dresses! Queen Elizabeth might have created an incident by desiring the hussies to be whipped.

Side-Curls.

There is a jaunty little air about the cosmetiqued side-curls that girls are wearing like notes of interrogation beside their ears. If, however, our own working-girl gets hold of the idea, it will be very weird. As it costs nothing, it is probable that they will annex it, poor dears; and then they will look as if they had smeared a smut over their cheeks. The fact is that, unless the skin is very smooth and white, the effect of the side-curl is lost. Of course, good make-up can get it all right, but our working-girls have neither the time nor the money for that, and the conditions of their lives do not give their complexions much chance. The side-curl is a *grisette* adornment, and rather an alluring one; but for our little hard-workers it would be far from an allurements.

A Nerve Brace.

Our nervous energy becomes sadly exhausted in these strenuous days. Could we gauge it by pressure on a valve, as we do the oil-circulation of our motor-cars, we should often find the cap down and immovable. As we cannot do this, we are conscious only of the consequences, and very trying they are. A fine nerve nutrient and bracer is Vitafer, an improved and perfected tonic-food made by Southall Brothers and Barclay, Ltd. It is composed of the entire protein constituents of milk and glycer-phosphates of sodium, lime, and magnesium, presenting



PRESENTED TO THE KING AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE: THE GOLD CUP FROM WHICH HE DRANK TO THE PROSPERITY OF PARIS.

On Wednesday afternoon their Majesties visited the Hotel de Ville. After the speeches they were conducted to the splendid apartments on the first floor, and a beautiful gold cup, bearing the arms of England and Paris, was presented to the King. From it he drank to the prosperity of the city.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.



A DUCAL SILVER WEDDING: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE WITH THE CHILDREN OF LORD FRANCIS HOPE.

The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, who were married in 1889, have just been celebrating their silver wedding. The Duchess was Miss Kathleen Candy, and is a daughter of the late Major Henry A. Candy, of the 9th Lancers. Her mother is a sister of Lord Rossmore. The three children are Henry Edward Hugh (born 1907), Doria Lois (born 1908), and Mary (born 1910), the son and daughters of the Duke's only brother, Lord Francis Hope, by his second wife, who died in 1912. The Duke has no children.

Photograph by L.N.A.

organic phosphorus in its most assimilable form. It is recommended as being quite a suitable tonic for the use of diabetic patients. The price, it may be mentioned, is most reasonable, and it was awarded a gold medal at the International Congress of Medicine held here last year. It is well worth a trial.

For Pleasantly Passing the Time.

There are many hours in every life that want whiling away, and card-games are a good way of doing it. The International Card Company, 96-98, Leadenhall Street, who have produced so many successful card-games, have now introduced one called International Figure Patience, which will absorb many an hour pleasantly for players, and, by providing a change of occupation for the brain, give it real rest.

Our American Visitors

Are already many, and promise to be more, for this year of celebration of a hundred years of peace between ourselves

and America. Whether their trouble with Mexico will alter their plans or not is at the moment hard to say. We all hope that our go-ahead, bright American friends will be with us and enjoy themselves as usual over here, in their little English playground. Our experience in the Boer War makes us careful about prophecy, but Americans declare that Mexico will be on her knees in a week. Meanwhile, the lighter side of the question is the brood



ENGAGED: CAPTAIN MAURICE HELYAR AND MISS VERA EVANS-LOMBE.

Captain Maurice Howard Helyar, of the Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own), is the elder son of Mr. F. J. and the Hon. Mrs. Helyar, of 11, Royal Crescent, Bath. His mother is a sister of Viscount Sidmouth. Miss Evans-Lombe is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Evans-Lombe, of Bylaugh Park, Norfolk, and Thickthorn, Hethersett, Norwich. Her mother is a grand-daughter of the sixth Viscount Middleton.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

of American eagles that has been suddenly hatched. I met a few dozen fair Americans at a party the other day, and many of them had the bird-of-freedom emblem mounted, some in diamonds, some in mere gold, and one in jet, which was effective, but surely the eagle should not mourn. It transpired that the grief was on the wearer's part, and that the lady was so conventionally strict that a black eagle had to be specially made. The Kaiser has heaps of them, but could not be called upon to supply the wants of a private individual, and a woman!

Not in the Very Least

Is the Queen nervous about the Suffragettes. So says a lady who is honoured by her Majesty's confidence. These vote-desiring members of our sex have, or affect to have, an idea that the Queen sympathises with their views, and they say they intend to elicit an expression of the fact. They have a stiff proposition to solve. The Queen never interferes, or gives an opinion on a vexed question, any more than the King. Her Majesty dislikes the indignity of scenes in public made by these restless, discontented females; but the Queen fears them not one little bit. It would be a swift punishment they would meet did they attempt to intimidate the first lady of the land. There is a wide difference between womanly solicitude for a woman hurt through fanaticism and queenly sympathy for violence in a movement which, whatever merits it may have, has made decent women throughout the Empire ashamed for the first time of their sex.



PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE. PARIS: A BEAUTIFUL MIRROR SET IN A FRAME OF SILVER.

At the Hotel de Ville the Prefect of the Seine and the President of the Paris Municipal Council welcomed the Queen in terms of exquisite courtesy. She was presented with a mirror in a silver frame chased with a design of roses and surmounted by the Royal Crown.

Photograph by Newspaper Illustrations.

Continued from page 126.]

to his friend. "I can't make out the Rubber Market anyhow," he complained. "The shares are lower now than they were when rubber was at half-a-crown, so what is one to think?"

"People don't like Rubber shares," declared the City Editor. "So many lost money after the boom and haven't forgotten it yet."

"And now they say that the Oil boom is coming at last."

"I'm afraid it is," was the reply. "The market looks rather like it, and I hear of so many propositions waiting to appear that I think the promoting fraternity think so too."

"Why afraid? You ought to make money."

"And lose it all again after I've spent it! Thank you for nothing; and financial articles are the devil in boom times."

In answer to his friend's unspoken query, he continued, "It's our business to keep people out of rubbish, and when rubbish is jumping up by leaps and bounds day after day, it's a peculiarly difficult and thankless task to keep people out of it!"

"It's a hard life," laughed the other, "and one must grumble about something; but I believe you'll have to put up with a little boom this time."

"We shall have to put up with it, but I think there'll be just as many bad eggs found in the Oil Market as there were among Rubbers."

"And how shall we sort the wheat from the chaff?"

"Judge your Companies by the amounts they put to depreciation, and you won't go far wrong. I believe it's more vital to an Oil Company than to any other concern."

"If you two have finished talking," interrupted the Cosmopolitan, with a beautifully assumed "neglected-innocence" air, "I think we'd better go, or you'll be late for your appointment at three."

They were just saying good-bye when the little lady had an idea. "Attendez," she cried, and ran back to the table to find them each a rose.

"Mademoiselle," said the director, "do you know why we have our button-holes on the left-hand side of our coats?"

"Non, Monsieur."

"Parce que c'est là où se trouvent nos cœurs!"

Saturday, April 25, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

"KAX."—Your limit of price precludes our advising Van Ryn Deep or Modder "B," which we consider the pick of the market; but among

the low-priced shares the two you mention have very fair prospects, if you can wait a few years.

L. A. K.—We think you could do very much better than the shares you mention.

DONN.—(1) We cannot suggest anything better than those you mention. (2) This question is altogether outside our province.

N. W.—(1) and (3) are fair; but (2) we consider highly speculative, and do not advise.

"TATHAM."—Bank of England stock, Cape of Good Hope 4 per cent., redeemable in 1923, or Wolverhampton Corporation 3½ per cent. redeemable in 1932, should suit your purpose.

D. P. H. (Gib.).—(a) Undoubtedly; (b) you have a good profit, but you might let them run a bit—say to 30s.; (c) Great Western or Midland Deferred should suit; (d) You say "sound security," so we presume you are content with 5 or 6 per cent. We suggest, therefore, Selfridge Preference or J. Sears 7 per cent. Preference.

"CITY."—We know nothing against the firm you mention; but we see no reason to change our oft-expressed view that it is always advisable to deal with members of the Stock Exchange. Why run any unnecessary risk?

"ANDOVER."—Present market conditions prevent us from advising an immediate sale; but there will probably be an all-round improvement before very long, and we should then advise you to sell. The country's financial position is bad.

J. B. (London).—We expressed our views pretty fully last week on the position of this railway. We never answer queries unless accompanied by sender's full name and address.

E. H. K. (Blackheath).—A fair security, we think, but we will make some more inquiries, and, if we have anything to add, reply again next week.

We have received a copy of "Nitrate Facts and Figures, 1914," which is compiled by A. F. Brodie James, and published by Frederick C. Mathieson and Sons, of 16, Copthall Avenue, E.C. This little booklet contains a mass of figures and statistics which cannot fail to interest profitably holders of Nitrate shares if they are read properly. The price asked is 2s. 6d., and we can recommend a purchase.

The report of Mappin and Webb, Ltd., for 1913 shows that the prosperity of this business is still increasing. The combined turnover of the Company and its subsidiary Companies has exceeded previous records. After payment of the Preference dividend, 10 per cent. is distributed on the Ordinary shares, while about £20,000 is utilised in strengthening reserve etc. funds. The carry-forward is only slightly lower, at £16,850.

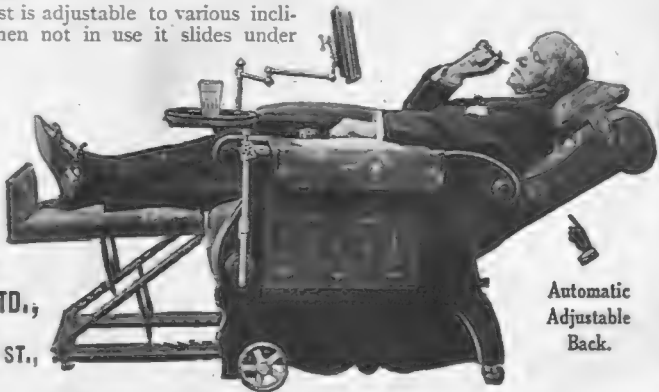
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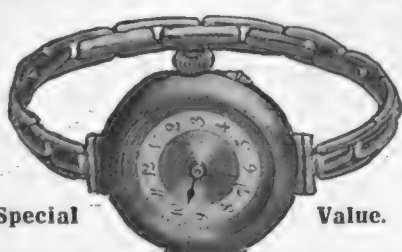
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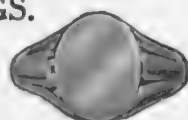
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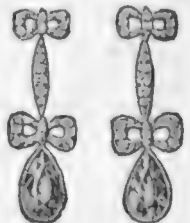
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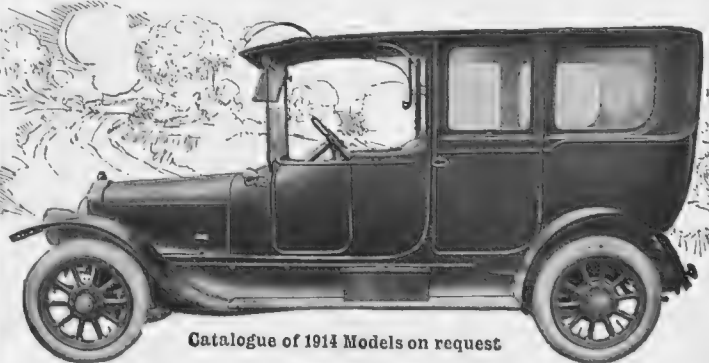
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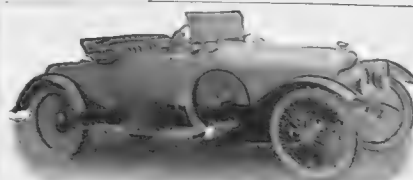
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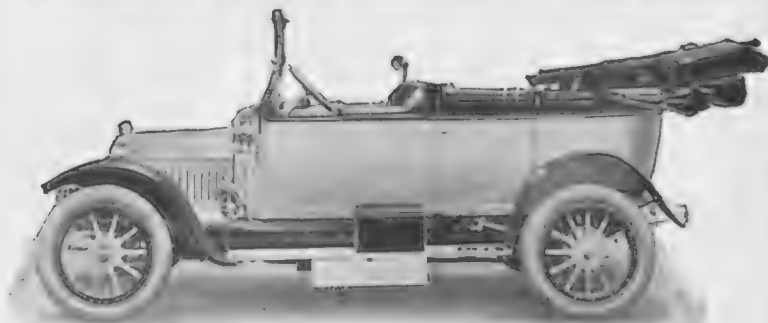


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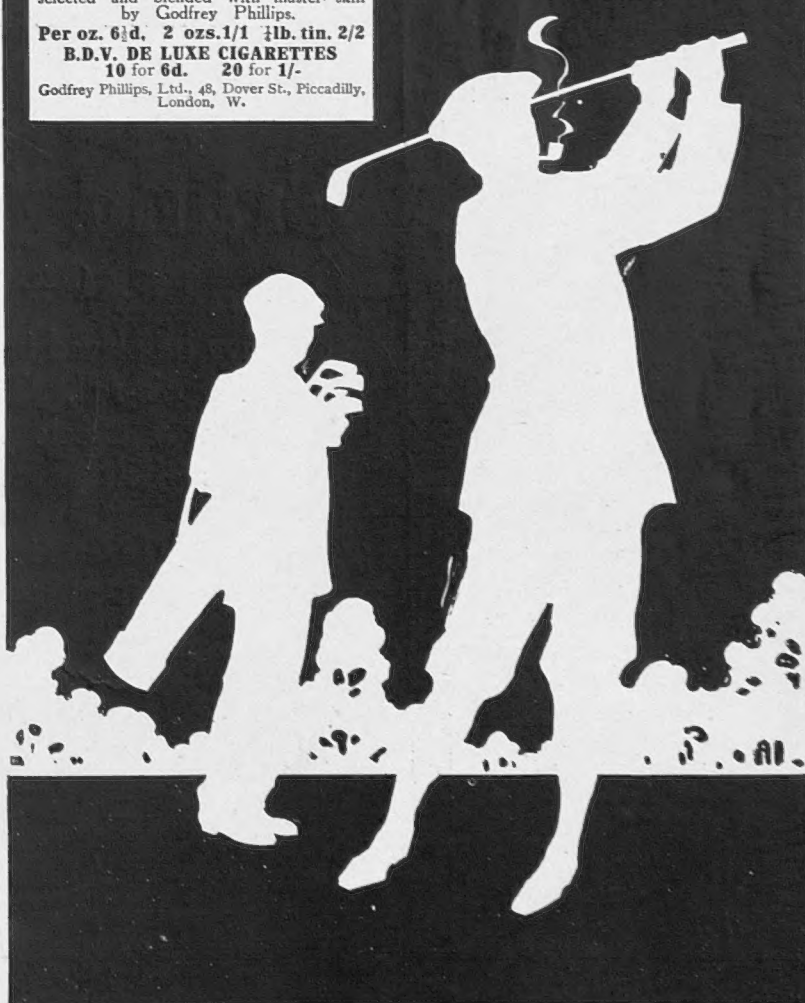
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It is astounding the number of women who suffer from unsightly growths of hair on the face, and it will come as a piece of good news to know that there is a simple substance known as powdered pheninol which will remove it immediately and permanently. Mix a small quantity into a thin paste with a little water, and apply to the objectionable growths. In two minutes all trace of the hair will have entirely vanished, and your skin will be as soft and smooth as a child's.

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Does your skin chap or roughen easily, or become unduly red or blotchy? Let me tell you a quick and easy way to overcome the trouble and keep your complexion beautifully white, smooth and soft. Just get some ordinary mercolised wax at the chemist's, and use a little before retiring as you would use cold cream. The wax, through some peculiar action, flecks off the rough discoloured or blemished skin. The worn-out cuticle comes off just like dandruff on a diseased scalp only in almost invisible particles. Mercolised wax simply hastens Nature's work which is the rational and proper way to attain a perfect complexion, so much sought after, but very seldom seen. The process is perfectly simple and quite harmless.

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Nothing can compare with the following recipe for the above condition, and until you have rectified any trouble in this direction, it is useless to expect the hair to grow healthy and vigorous. Mix a package of boranum with a 1/2 pint of bay rum, shake the bottle well and allow to stand for 30 minutes, then add 1/2 pint cold water and strain. This simple home remedy will stimulate the hair roots to their normal functions, resulting in a beautiful growth of new hair.

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AT THE OPERA.

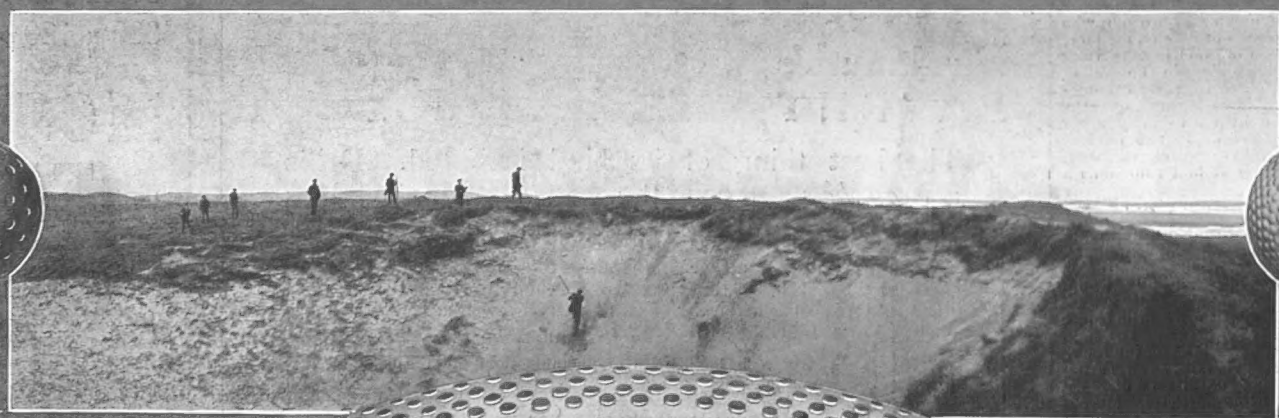
NOTHING could have been more successful than the opening of Grand Season at Covent Garden. The house was packed, and suggested a gathering in early July rather than late April. The King was in the omnibus box, below the Royal Box, in which Queen Alexandra was seated. "La Bohème" was the opera, with Melba as Mimi, and Martinelli as Rodolfo. Each was in splendid voice: Melba has seldom been heard to greater advantage of late years, and the house rose at her. Mr. Albert Coates, the conductor, made a very favourable impression. For once there was no suggestion of the rather chilly atmosphere in which Covent Garden sometimes opens its doors; there was enthusiasm on the stage and in the auditorium. It is certainly an advantage to open with a popular Italian opera, and one or two great artists.

"La Bohème" is being repeated this week, with Mme. Bianca Bellincioni as Mimi and Signor Taccani as Rodolfo. Mme. Bianca Bellincioni is a daughter of the Bellincioni whose reputation is a household word in Italy, and whose performance of Salomé in Dr. Richard Strauss's opera thrilled all who saw it. If the daughter has but a moderate share of the mother's dramatic gift, she should be an acquisition to the Grand Opera Syndicate.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday last week were given to Wagner—Nikisch conducting "Das Rheingold" and "Die Walküre," and Mr. Albert Coates conducting "Parsifal." As usual, Nikisch made a profound impression, and the opinion was very widely expressed that he is the legitimate successor of Richter. His understanding of the score of the "Ring" gives to his reading a quality that is strangely akin to simplicity: the utterance—level, sustained, and always showing a sensitive regard for the human voice—makes a direct appeal. On the purely lyrical side he has never been rivalled. Difficulties seem to vanish from the path of those who sing and of those who listen; and though, of course, the difficulties are there all the time, it is equally true that the art of Nikisch has triumphed over them. On the concert platform he seems to be the ideal concert conductor; at Covent Garden he shows that his mastery extends to the singers, whom he helps with a certainty of touch that must inspire confidence. When the final review of the "Ring" comes to be made, it is safe to say that the personality of the conductor will be found to have been a very large factor in the success achieved. New scenery and effects have added to the general interest, but, unfortunately, some of the latter, after raising the management's hopes at rehearsal, failed to justify themselves when an audience had gathered to admire. The "Ring," so far as the first performances justify judgment, has been extremely

well cast. As Wotan, Herr Paul Bender arouses admiration, not only for satisfactory singing, but for his remarkable physique. He looks the part. Frau Gertrud Kappel, if not a great Brünnhilde, is at least an extremely capable one; the same may be said of Miss Maude Fay's Sieglinde: it is quite a praiseworthy performance. Herr Paul Knüpfer is a singularly sincere artist, whose work is familiar to Covent Garden and well admired; and this remark applies to Hans Bechstein, whose Mime is as good as ever. The reappearance of Johannes Sembach—most lyrical of German tenors—is matter for congratulation; as Loge, Parsifal, and Walther von Stolzing he has excellent chances of displaying his voice and dramatic abilities to advantage. By his side there is no German tenor before the public who is worth going across the road to hear. It has been stated that Herr Sembach was trained by M. Jean de Reszke, and, if this be so, the secret of the full use to which he is able to turn a really beautiful voice is revealed.

Covent Garden will undoubtedly derive a measure of advantage from its association with the Anglo-American Opera Season that opened on Saturday night in the Théâtre des Champs Elysées in Paris. The first performance was Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei Tre Re," with Mme. Edvina and MM. Marcoux and Fontana, the last-named being the new tenor who has done so well in Italy. To-morrow night (April 30) Melba will be singing at the Elysées house in Verdi's "Otello." The joint manager for the Boston Opera House and Covent Garden is Mr. Henry Russell, brother, if we are not mistaken, of Mr. Landon Ronald, and son of the composer of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer." It will be remembered that Mr. Henry Russell managed a few seasons in London some years ago, the first of the autumn opera seasons being one. Signor Robert de Sanna, a wealthy Neapolitan, was the impresario, Signora Rina Gracchetti the dramatic soprano; and some very good performances, that should have been better patronised than they were, resulted. We owe Sammarco to Signor de Sanna or Mr. Henry Russell, or both of them. There are only a few men in Europe or America who know more about Grand Opera than Henry Russell, or are better judges of music. The enterprise he is managing in Paris should, if successful, enlarge considerably the scope of Covent Garden. Interchange of English and American interests is far better for the public than rivalry, and the musical entente seems to develop. It is stated that the Metropolitan Opera House in New York has invited Mr. Thomas Beecham to direct some performances there next season, and that the offer has been accepted. Caruso is expected to come to town in the latter half of May. Had there been a better understanding between London and New York, he would hardly have been away from Covent Garden for several years, as he was until last summer.



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